

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XVI.—No. 6.
Copyright, 1895, by PETER FENLON COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH (*née* VANDERBILT).

(See page 15.)



221 247 West Thirtieth Street
212 224 West Fourteenth Street
NEW YORK CITY

TERMS:

COLLIER'S WEEKLY AND THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY, ONE year, and choice of any set of premium books, including "Baboo's" "Human Comedy," "Life of the Great Napoleon," "Captains of the Globe," "Milton's Paradise Lost," "Dante's Inferno," "In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, exclusive of THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY and the premium books, per year, in United States and Canada \$3.00
THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY, without the newspaper, twenty-six numbers per year \$4.50
Single copies of THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY \$0.25

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then only mailed.

Should COLLIER'S WEEKLY fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, COLLIER'S WEEKLY Building, No. 225 W. 14th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 524 West 15th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "COLLIER'S WEEKLY." Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to signify state that they saw the advertisement in COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is it the continuation of the tidal wave of 1894?

Ten States and Territories held general elections more or less important on the 5th inst.—namely, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Ohio, Massachusetts, Iowa, Nebraska and Utah. The State election in New York has resulted in an overwhelming Republican victory, the result in the city being the only cheering news for the Democracy. Tammany has reasserted her old-time popularity, in the face of the fact, too, that all the departments of the city government, meaning thousands of Tammany's one-time voters, were in the hands of the anti-Tammany elements.

The result in Ohio was expected; and Bushnell has a handsome plurality. Coxey surprised everybody by polling upward of forty thousand votes in that usually sensible, level-headed and good-natured State. With Quay once more at the helm, Pennsylvania goes upward of one hundred thousand Republican. The election in Nebraska shows between fifteen and twenty thousand majority for the Republican candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court. The victory is credited partially to the A. P. A. Iowa and Massachusetts went Republican by more than usual majorities. Utah adopted her new constitution, voted in favor of Statehood and is now ready to be admitted. The Democratic party is likely to be in the ascendant when the new State government is organized.

The fact that Maryland has elected a Republican Governor, and the fact that Kentucky did not know for sure, the morning after election, whether Democrat Wat Hardin was elected Governor or not—and found later that he was not—are two signs of a Republican revival in the South. New Jersey, in electing Griggs, Republican, by more than twenty thousand majority over such a man as Chancellor McGill, would seem to have placed herself in the column of sure Republican States for the present at least; and yet the victory is scarcely less significant than the carrying of New York, on Secretary of State, by more than ninety thousand Republican majority. There are influences at work in these two States, however, that are entirely outside of politics—chief among them being the growing temperance sentiment, and a distinct revival of the anti-foreign and sectarian spirit represented by the A. P. A. If prosperity should continue to return, there is yet a possibility—though a slight one—that New York and New Jersey may wheel into the Democratic column in 1896. In the meantime, the availability of Governor Morton for the Republican Presidential nomination grows apace—and as his Excellency was first mentioned in that connection in these columns, I cannot but take more than a passing interest in the prospect, regardless of party lines.

Though an off-year, the elections this fall will have a decided bearing on the great struggle of 1896. In so far as the result is a protest against bad government and bossism, it is matter for congratulation. But it is, in general, an indication simply that this is a Republican year. How long the reaction against Democratic actual performance in national affairs is to continue, remains to be seen. The most important fact that appears is, that the campaign of 1896 has already begun.

Mohammed once said, "When a man dies, men inquire what he has left behind him; angels inquire what he has sent before him."

Mr. Austin Corbin writes in the *North American Review* for November in favor of Fort Pond Bay as the western terminus for a new transatlantic route. The proposed new harbor is six miles west of Montauk Point on the extreme eastern end of Long Island, and one hundred and fourteen miles from New York City. For the eastern terminus of the proposed transatlantic short line Mr. Corbin passes by Liverpool and Southampton and favors Milford Haven, the most westerly port of Wales.

It is urged that, unless the present steamship companies adopt the new route, saving time, distance, expense and inconvenience, new companies will come to the front and build and equip a line of steamers in opposition. The prospect is somewhat alluring, and Mr. Corbin as owner of the Long Island Railroad is much interested in the scheme. His paper in the *Review* is well worth reading. But if he really wishes the quickest route from America to Europe why does he not select Galway in Ireland? What most transatlantic passengers desire is an actual shortening of the time and distance between country and country. This is especially so in the case of sufferers from seasickness, to whom hours, yea even minutes, are of paramount importance. Landing at Galway after the passage from Long Island would give such people a breathing spell before proceeding to England or whatever other point might be their destination.

Character is not cut in marble, it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Is the acme of civilization to be attended by an occasional reversion to the cruelty, and destructive impulses, of the savage state?

This question may be too broad to admit of its discussion in detail in these columns. I ask it, simply, for its own sake, and because it is one of the first reflections that comes to the mind on reading the details of recent criminology. Is man growing more and more cruel? Is the reckless "disregard" of human life about to get its most terrible significance in man himself in that actual impulse to take life which is said to characterize a very few of the lower and more savage brute animals?

All the civilized world has heard by this time of the conviction of Durrant at San Francisco and of Holmes, alias Mudgett, at Philadelphia. These two phenomenal murderers have been before the public for several months, to the exclusion of all other topics, except the most immediately sensational news of the day. Despite this fact, however, there is much of deep human interest in them and their almost unaccountable crimes that has escaped attention.

Durrant has been found guilty of the murder of Blanche Lamont, with whom he entered the Emmanuel Baptist Church of San Francisco on the afternoon of April 3, 1895; and it is the theory of the verdict that he murdered the unfortunate young woman in the sacred edifice, and carried the lifeless body up a winding stairway into the belfry. He is also accused, and is probably guilty, of the murder of Minnie Williams in the same church; and it is in connection with both murders that his case can be best studied.

We are accustomed to look for motives unusually propellant in all murders, and it is usually necessary for the prosecution to establish some kind of a motive in order to bring the guilt of the accused home to the jury. The strangest feature of Durrant's crime is the apparent lack of motive. He had known Blanche Lamont only a few months. She went to San Francisco in September, 1894, was inclined to consumption and by her physician's advice had been sent there from Dillon, Mont., where the air was too rare for her lungs; was living with her aunt, an active church worker, and soon became acquainted with Durrant, who was also active in such work; had no other male acquaintance besides Durrant; met him by appointment shortly after three o'clock on the afternoon of April 3 last, on the street in front of the Normal School that she was attending; they entered Emmanuel Church about 4.15 P.M.; the young woman's dead body was found in the belfry ten days later.

The crime of which Holmes has been convicted is the murder of Pitezel, his partner in the work of swindling insurance companies. He is said to be guilty also

of the murder of Pitezel's three children, and of the murder of many others in this country and in Canada. If half of the crimes charged to him can be brought home to him, he is the most cold-blooded murderer that ever lived. His only motive in all his murders was the obtaining of sums of money on insurance policies—said sums being insignificant, out of all proportion to the terrible risk he was running for himself and the bloody means employed.

These two phenomenal end-of-the-century murderers were convicted after a few hours' deliberation by juries in two far distant States—one of them the day after the other. The defense in each case was practically no defense at all, and the convictions were purely on circumstantial evidence. The crimes were peculiarly revolting, fiendish and without any of that class of motives usually supposed to be sufficiently propellant for the taking of human life—such as jealousy, unrequited passion, desperate striving for revenge, hatred, great financial gain, the saving of one's self from great loss or punishment, the getting rid of a rival, or the gaining of any end or advantage worth the risk of the death penalty at the hands of the law.

We are accustomed to shudder at Gloster, at Nero, at King John; but they had a powerful motive, and were far from the remorseless, cold-blooded type of murderer represented by Holmes and Durrant, who had apparently no more compunction in shedding the blood of a human being than a trained butcher in felling a fatted steer on the floor of the shambles.

It is to be feared that there is a type of murderer peculiar to a very high civilization—the murderer who fears not death, who looks upon the human body as a bundle of chemical forces, who does not hesitate to gain even a trivial advantage by removing an obstructing fellow. But the cold-blooded, disregardful type is still far in the future. Durrant and Holmes are ahead of their times. They must be removed, and the type they represent must be suppressed. The struggle for existence must be made less rancorous and keen.

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and in willing service.—LONGFELLOW.

Sir Henry Irving played Macbeth at Abbey's Theatre, this city, for the first time October 29. It was not merely a first night, in the usual sense of that term. It was the first representation in this city of Macbeth as the cool, deliberate, calculating murderer of Duncan, his guest and king. Irving has given us a Macbeth absolutely his own. Not only that; he has, I think, given us a Macbeth now that was foreign to the creative intention of Shakespeare four hundred years ago.

In the mind of the Bard, the Thane of Cawdor did not murder Duncan of his own initiative. He was swayed, not by motives of his own, but by the motives that swayed Lady Macbeth—ambition, a diseased and morbid fancy that she might at once become a queen. I hold, on the authority of one of the great English essayists, that the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth" means the return of the real, the human Thane of Cawdor after the deed, to take the place of the demon Macbeth.

Sir Henry Irving is a master of form and stage mounting. I wonder if he has not overstepped his prerogative in changing the character of Macbeth from that curious psychical phenomenon—a man swayed by a morbid woman's fancy—to the every-day type of murderer who acts on his own account. The Witches of Endor did not influence Macbeth. No; but it was necessary for the Matchless Poet to introduce these entities, for the purpose of accounting for the whole non-natural transformation that was to come later.

I propose to contest this momentous literary innovation, even though it has the authority of one of the leading actors of the century. Shakespeare has other murderers—Othello for jealousy; Hamlet for vengeance; Brutus from an alleged sense of duty; Richard the Third from pre-natal causes—

"Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity,
The slave of Nature and the son of Hell."

But Shakespeare certainly gave us Macbeth, as the man who murdered his guest, from no motive of his own—as the transformation of human man into the demon murderer, and the transformation back again—the knocking at the gate—from the demon murderer to the human man.

It is in a man's secret life, when all external pressure is removed, when neither friend nor foe can see him, that his real character is most fully in action. Then it is that the conscience is tested, and the self-respect is measured. And, though the test and the measure can be applied only by himself, yet he can never know how soon or in what way this secret which he now holds so complacently may become manifest to all.

Whether England is doing her best with Turkey or not, the Powers are disgusted at English diplomacy

around the Sick Man's bed. If she is not doing her best, she has no right to ask this country to join her in an English-speaking federation to checkmate France and Russia in the Pacific, until she joins with us and Russia to wipe out the blot of Turkey on the map of Europe.

The canals of this State will be improved at a cost of nine million dollars. The people so voted at the general State election on the 5th. The official returns are not complete as the WEEKLY goes to press; but sufficient is known to warrant the announcement that the measure is carried.

This is one of the first instances of what is called the referendum, applied on a large scale, in this country. The referendum may be briefly described as a direct vote by the people upon some measure of legislation. In Switzerland it is a customary expedient of government and is said to work satisfactorily. Judging by the voting in the case of the New York State canals, the referendum does not seem well suited for this country. The heaviest vote cast against the measure was in the farming counties and in the counties at some distance from these waterways; while in what may be called the canal and river counties, the vote was almost unanimous in favor of the expenditure.

If the referendum were ever adopted in this country, it would be necessary to couple with it a rigid provision that some considerable percentage of the total vote would have to be cast, or a majority in favor of a measure would not count. With all our boasted enlightenment and liberality, it is only too plain that certain localities are inclined to look upon such a needed measure as the recent canal appropriation in the light of an advantage to some other locality and not to the State at large.

It will be gratifying to see the canals improved in consequence of the recent vote. It will be equally so if those farmers in such counties as Wayne, Ontario and Lewis come to look upon their recent opposition to this measure as a mistake in the first place and as a piece of misguided economy anyhow. We will not be fit for the referendum until, like the Swiss, we begin to widen our point of view beyond our own township or county.

The Nicaragua Canal discussion shows something tangible at last. The Engineer Commission places its cost at one hundred million dollars and recommends that our Government undertake the work. The London Times sent out Mr. A. R. Colquhoun to report about the work, and he also says this Government ought to do it; but he places the cost at one hundred and fifty million dollars. Mr. Colquhoun regards the Canal of such consequence to the commerce of the world that it must be built by some Government. That is, of course, clear to any impartial mind—such an undertaking ought not to be under the control of private capital, even if the latter could handle it.

When Congress meets in December, the first questions to settle will be, What is the maximum and what the minimum estimate of the cost, as furnished by engineers competent to decide? At three per cent interest even a two hundred million-dollar Nicaragua Canal would cost this country only six million dollars a year; but it is not likely that the final figures will far exceed the one hundred million dollars' estimate of the Engineer Commission sent down there to report. These gentlemen would scarcely err fifty million dollars on such a problem. They did not finish their report without making the usual allowances. It is true, one hundred million dollars is their minimum figure; but if their work is of any value at all the error of fifty million dollars is impossible.

This is not like the Panama undertaking, against which Nature herself seems to have raised both a climate and a conformation of soil that well-nigh forbid its completion. Yet France seems to be undaunted, and French capital is still being sunk in the Culebra region. I consider these generalizations sufficient to convince the average non-expert mind that the Nicaragua Canal ought to be begun at once by the United States Government. We cannot afford to let even an expenditure of six million dollars for annual interest charges to stand in the way. What we need, primarily, is to get nearer to our South American and Central American neighbors. Business for the Canal when completed must come. This has been clearly demonstrated in these columns already. Business now going even from Europe through the Suez Canal cannot help being diverted through this shorter, safer and more economical route, instead of through the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean and the terrible Region of Calms and Cyclones. Congress has no right to delay this great international enterprise a day longer than is absolutely necessary.

In the next issue of the WEEKLY the reader will have an opportunity to see for himself some of the machinery now used in excavating the Chicago Drainage Canal. Perhaps this kind of machinery, furnished by American inventive genius, will have something to

do with keeping down the cost of construction, when the Nicaragua Canal is under way. These labor-saving derricks, shovels and cables are being improved all the time, too. The United States needs the Canal and is able to build it, even at the maximum figure. And it is time to begin.

"The Girlhood of an Actress" is the title of a charming bit of autobiography by Mary Anderson de Navarro, in the current *North American Review*. Among the incidents narrated is that Charlotte Cushman early predicted Mary Anderson's future eminence as an actress, and that the latter's mother, hearing the great tragedy queen speak so, was much troubled and protested earnestly against the stage as a career for her daughter.

In less than two years afterward the younger woman had made her debut, but Charlotte Cushman, the greatest of all American actresses, was sleeping her last sleep in a laurel-covered grave at Mount Auburn.

This is an easy, simple question—Can this country make good citizens out of three hundred and fifty thousand new immigrants every year, even if they are well-disposed? For the ten months so far we have had an immigration of about three hundred thousand; and fifty thousand more are likely to come in before the end of December. The country cannot possibly need so many. Congress ought to act as soon as possible.

The envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbors.—SOCRATES.

Should this country interfere in Venezuela? We ought to demand that the rightful boundary line between the Spanish and Dutch possessions down there previous to 1814 be at once determined by a competent tribunal. If England is honest in the matter she will not refuse. And she must be honest. Furthermore, it must be proclaimed that any nation that sets out to belittle or disregard what we mean by the Monroe Doctrine, must understand that she does so at the cost of our friendship.

The reported action of the Western railroads in hiring guards to protect their property against an alleged impending strike of the A. R. U. is a bad sign of the times. Is this to be looked upon as a legitimate result of the liberation of Debs, or is it a summary trick of repression in advance on the part of the officials, using Debs as a pretext? Whichever it is, the public at large is entitled to protection against the threatened disturbance. Why does not the O'Neill law act? What was it passed for, if organized labor does not take advantage of it?

Mayor Pingree was re-elected in Detroit by more than ten thousand majority this year, and by nearly six thousand in 1893. Next time his Honor is likely to own the town, potato patches and all. It is no small proof of Mayor Pingree's personal forcefulness that he has become practically a personal ruler in such a live, go-ahead town as Detroit.

I give vanity fair quarter, wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others who are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity, among the other comforts of life.—FRANKLIN.

Turkey must reform herself, or the Powers will do it for her. But the Powers have been saying that for a long time. Perhaps they will do it this time.

Judge Frederick Smyth, just elected on the Tammany ticket as one of the Judges of the reorganized Supreme Court, was long known in the Recorder's chair as a terror to evil-doers. That position is now held by John W. Goff, Judge Smyth's successful opponent last year; but the Judge has gone up higher.

It would not be amiss now, if our esteemed contemporary the *World* were to ask where did Croker get it?—meaning, of course, that brand-new majority in the city, after the slaughter of 1894.

The ladies gave soup to the Italians and sweetmeats to the Russian Jews on the East Side; but it was the Tiger, not the ladies, that got the votes on election day.

The blanket ballot seems to have covered a multitude of Tammany's alleged sins.

Amos J. Cummings goes back to Congress, and all the boys are glad. He has a bright future once more before him, and his hosts of friends will expect to see him get there, nearer and nearer, every year.

The falling off in the Populist vote of Kansas at the election for Supreme Court Justice is probably contained in the falling off of the total vote of the State which shows fifty thousand less than last year. The fact that Populists stayed away from the polls shows, however, that they must be losing faith in some of their theories of paternalism.

Dr. Parkhurst was prepared for that whipping, and feels not very sore in consequence. In the near future he promises to say something about the failure of Mayor Strong to comprehend the meaning of non-partisanship. The Doctor says cheerfully that he has learned a lot this year; and that we usually learn best when we are defeated. I fear the reformer will find that, while this may be good philosophy, it is what Henry Watterson once called poor politics with a very unclerical participle before the adjective.

Some men are like nails, easily drawn; others are like rivets, not drawable at all.—JOHN BURROUGHS.

The historic dome of St. Peter's at Rome was damaged by the recent earthquake, and ascents have been prohibited pending the necessary repairs.

The Sultan has decided to prohibit the immigration of Jews into Palestine, and will limit their stay in the Holy Places to thirty days. This is a very cold-blooded edict; but then the world has come to regard it with indifference. If the world was worthy of its past on this question, the Turk would be prohibited himself from entering those sacred precincts. What do Christians mean to do about it?

By means of electrolysis gold leaf can be made to one four-millionth of an inch! What is to become of the gold beaters and their art with such a power as electrolysis?

Divine truth exerts on the mind of man at once a restoration and self-manifesting power. It creates in the mind the capacity by which it is discerned. As light opens the close-shut flower-bed to receive light, or as a sunbeam, playing on a sleeper's eyes, by its gentle irritation opens them to see its own brightness; so the truth of God, shining on the soul, quickens and stirs into activity the faculty by which that very truth is perceived.—DR. CAIRD.

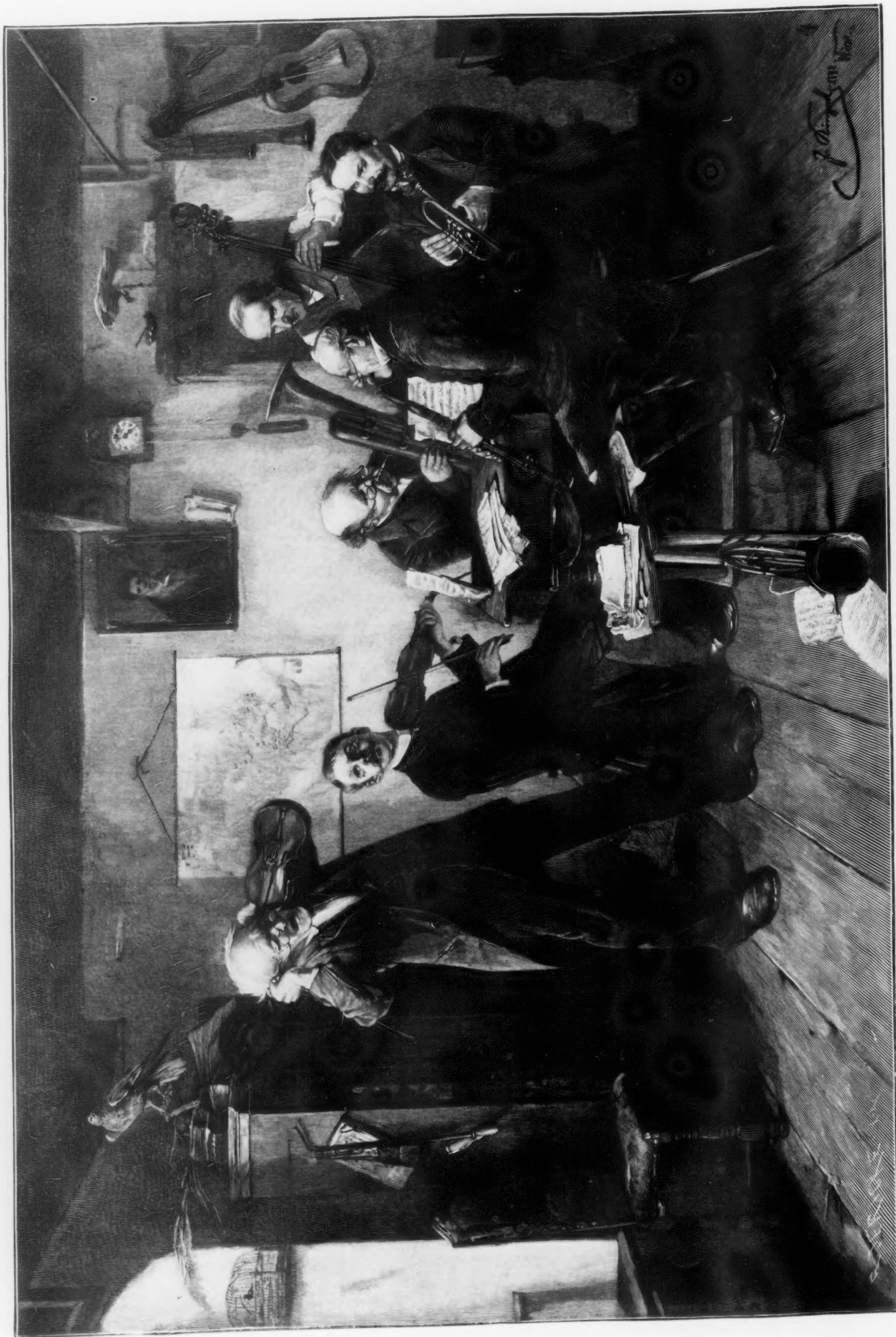
The Republican party won, pretty generally, on the 5th; but the Duke won, the next day, a glorious victory of Blenheim up-to-date.

Dr. Donaldson Smith, eminent scientist and graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, has sent word to Philadelphia that he has discovered land in the region of Eastern Africa that is at present a blank on the map. It was feared for a time that the great explorer was lost.

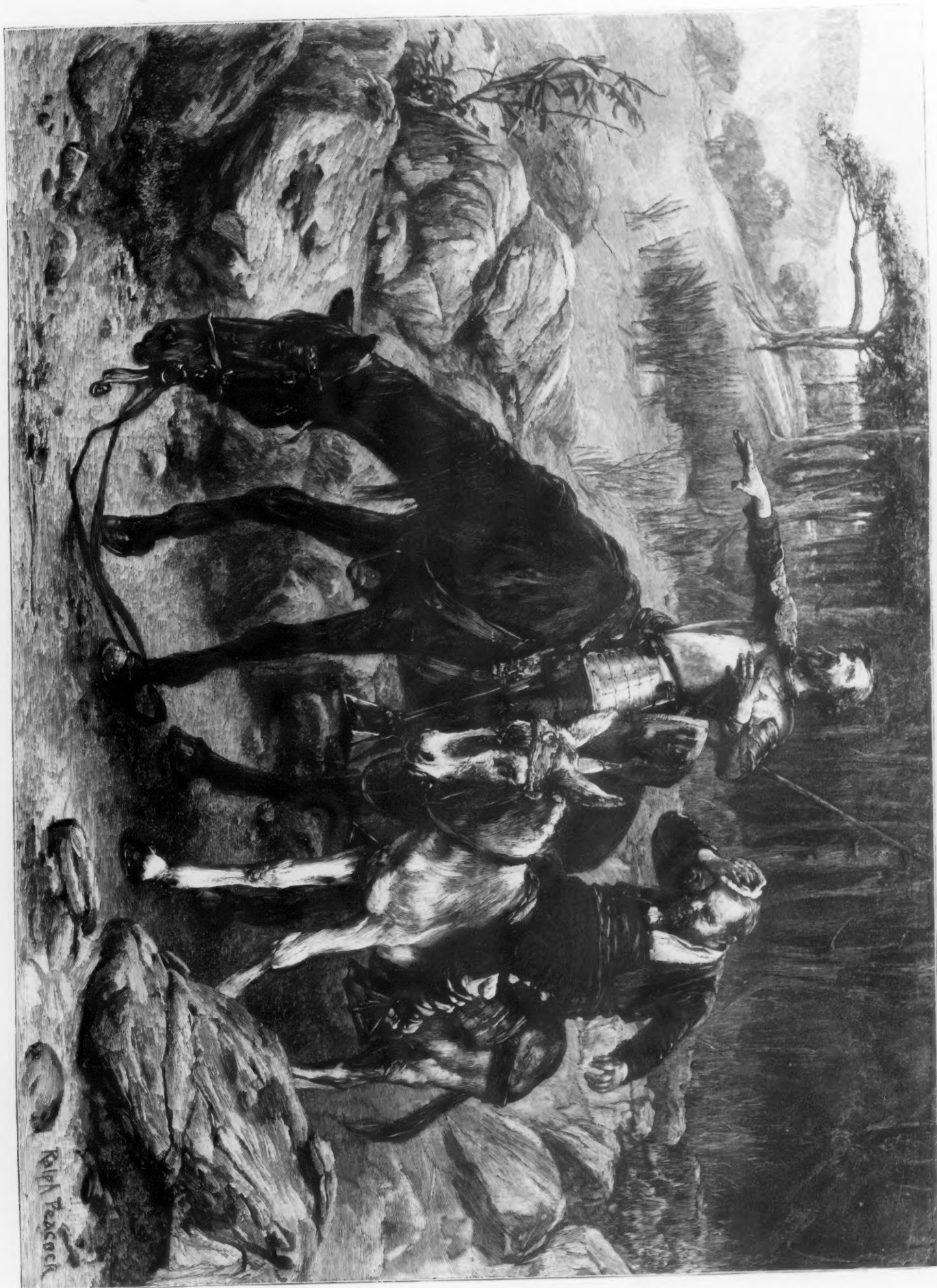
The saucy Canadian cruiser "Petrel" is at it again. On the 4th inst. she seized gill-nets and fish owned by Sandusky, O., fishermen on Lake Erie. The Americans claim they were in American waters, that their fishing tugs would have been seized, too, if they had not been too fast for the "Petrel" that chased them for a mile or more. The Sandusky fishermen will demand an investigation. That Canadian cruiser seems to entertain the notion that Lake Erie is in Canada. Only a little while ago she ran down a pleasure party who claimed they were not trespassing on the Canadian side. Our State Department ought to find out what the "Petrel" chasings mean this time.

The organization of an Annexation Club in Windsor, Ontario, would seem to indicate that Miss Canada is "priming up" for leap year. Jonathan is growing to be something of a confirmed bachelor, but the Northern Belle is probably afraid of her growing spinsterhood, herself. Seeing it is all among ourselves—the English-speaking peoples, don't you know?—I would suggest to Mr. Bull that he allow the banns of the young people to be published. The sighs from above the Height of Land are more and more distressing to us as each winter rolls down its icy blasts from Hudson Bay. Perhaps the Windsor movement means nothing more serious than that one Hiram Walker, an American citizen, has large industrial interests near Windsor and can make annexationist sentiment as well as whiskey and malleable iron at Walkerville. If there is anything else in it, this winter ought to be a good time for the courtship.

By a fire at Bleeker Street and Broadway on the night of the 5th, the Manhattan Bank Building, supposed to be absolutely fireproof, was reduced to a mass of smoldering cinders. Because it was believed to be fireproof the owners insured it for only one hundred thousand dollars, one-fourth of the actual cost of the structure. The insurance adjusters have a grievance also, in the premises; and there was talk of raising rates on Broadway buildings, the "fireproof" and the combustible alike. Chief Bonner, the veteran of the Fire Department, says he will never again trust his men in a fireproof building. Though he seldom parades his views before the public, he promised to say something at an early day about these alleged fireproof buildings. And yet, most people—seeing and hearing the emptiness of many of these preposterous claims about buildings—ought to be able at all times to take the fireproof claim with large grains of allowance, and not too seriously, without waiting for such an awakening as the destructive fire the other night.



THE WRONG NOTE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. KINZEL.



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY RALPH PEACOCK.

A THANKSGIVING SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY WILL ALLEN THOMMOOLE.

The old gentleman who told the story was celebrating his ninetieth birthday. It was the dinner and the big gobble at the foot of the board suggested the story: "For," said he, with that little twinkle in his eye which time had vainly endeavored to set aside, "this turkey reminds me of a bird we roasted once at Randolph-Macon, in old Virginia."

Now, a very old Virginian always speaks of his native State as "old Virginia." From being a term of distinction, as distinguished from a newer State, it has become a term of endearment. This reference to the old State was fatal. There were full twenty of the third and fourth generations ready to pounce down upon him for the Thanksgiving story which the gobble had recalled. He waited, however, until the dinner was over and the four generations seated about the fire in the drawing-room before he began. He loaded his pipe with the Kentucky tobacco one son had provided, stretched his feet upon the skin of a Tennessee bear that another son had killed, and then pared an orange that his daughter had brought from her Florida graves, before he began the Thanksgiving story. He was thinking of the four generations, and of the four States they represented as they gathered about the fire; then he remembered old Virginia, and Randolph-Macon, and the Thanksgiving turkey.

"Andrew Jackson had issued his proclamation," said he, "but there weren't no signs of a feast about our part of the college. The boys were making a great deal of fun, however, in lieu of the feast; that proclamation had been read to the very trees that grow about the campus, to the cows along the roadside, to the fowls and pigs we chanced to meet; but it had provoked no gobble for our dinner that we had heard of. It was the afternoon before Thanksgiving that Lester, my room-mate, and I were going down street that we saw Sims and Dugger, who roomed in the same building, coming toward us, deeply interested in a newspaper from which Dugger was reading aloud. They seemed about to ignore us, for a moment, which put us on our guard for the joke that we felt pretty sure was to be perpetrated at our expense.

"Let's take the wind out of their sails by ignoring them," said Lester; and we prepared to turn out of the road and cross over to the other side. Now Dugger was the champion joker of the college; pretty well all the mischief about was sooner or later traced to Dugger's door. Nobody, not even his most confidential elum, was ever sure just what his next prank would be, nor at whose expense. For he sacrificed friend and foe alike.

"We were not destined to dodge them, however, on this occasion. Just as we were about to cross to the other side they stopped briskly forward, and planting themselves directly in our path, Sims seized a lapel of the coat of each of us, while Dugger waved his newspaper aloft, gave a triumphant little yell, and began to read aloud:

"Know all men, by these presents—greeting—and to fore anybody could stop him he had plunged into the President's Thanksgiving proclamation.

"Well," said Lester, when he had finished, 'what's that to us? Did Andrew Jackson say anything in it about a gobble for Randolph-Macon?"

"Be gracious, lad, be gracious," said Dugger, "and I will a tale unfold."

"If it isn't a turkey tail you needn't pluck any feathers for this mess," said Lester, and we prepared to move on.

"It is a turkey tail," Dugger declared; "the right royal narrative of a Thanksgiving gobble. Ask Sims."

"Yes, boys," said Sims, "Dug and I have found a turkey."

"Found a turkey?" both Lester and I exclaimed in a breath.

"Sims drew a trifle closer, and said, in a whisper: 'Boys, Farman's got a gobble.'"

"Farman was a new professor, who had about a month before brought his bride to Virginia; they lived down in town, on the outskirts, convenient to the college. It wasn't his turkey we cared for, of course; to play off a joke on a professor was fun alive, but upon a newly married professor was too much fun to be resisted. The very suggestion of such a thing brought the four of us together in a little confidential squad that to one acquainted with college tricks must have looked suspicious.

"Farman's got a gobble," Sims continued. "Dug saw the man bring it to the house as he was passing; and the cook hung it just outside the kitchen door—to sweeten." Dug heard her tell the man. It is all ready, dressed for to-morrow, and hung a trifle high, out of reach of cats and other creeping varnents. It is to hang there till to-morrow morning, she said. It is there now; we went by a moment since to make sure. Now the question is—*shall* it hang there until to-morrow? What is the sense of the committee?"

"We went into the scheme like children; we planned to steal Farman's turkey and have a Thanksgiving dinner in our room that night, before we slept. We arranged to meet under the old elm at the corner near Farman's cottage, at eight o'clock sharp.

"Remember the watchword," said Dugger, as we took our way back to college—Wise as serpents and hungry as wolves."

"The early November dusk had settled when we reached the campus. Passing around an angle of the building in which our dormitories were located, we ran into some one hastening in an opposite direction. Supposing it only one of the boys, Sims whisked briskly about and, and—'Halt!' said he. 'Halt, and give the countersign. Who is it, sir?"

"It is I, sir," the man responded in the smooth, unmistakable voice of Royce, the professor of English—the strictest and most uncompromisingly just man in the college. "No foolishness about Royce," was a common expression among the boys. For this very reason, together, to be sure, with the fact that he was a bachelor and did his own housekeeping, he had been assigned rooms in the college, where a strict watch was considered advisable.

"In a twinkling Sims's style of address underwent a change. 'Beg your pardon, professor," said he, "but I

thought it only one of the boys. I intended no disrespect, I assure you, sir."

"The professor bowed, said something about 'no apology necessary,' and passed on.

"At eight o'clock our quartet met as agreed under the big elm, and sallied forth to raid the Thanksgiving larder of Professor Farman, or as much of it as had been hung outside the kitchen door.

"Farman's back yard was inclosed by a tall, smooth fence built of large, whitish-looking stones, cemented together, and capped with a sharp, triangular kind of coping that rested its base upon the main wall, projecting some half-dozen inches beyond the wall itself. We could see the roof of the kitchen just above the fence, and the tips of the yellow legs where Farman's fat turkey hung temptingly outside the door. At least that is what we had seen in the afternoon; we saw it now only by faith, for the night was black as a night in late November could be. 'Johnny must scale the wall,' said Sims, placing his hand upon my shoulder. 'He is the slightest, and we can lift him up.'"

"And who is to lift him back?" said I. "Has anybody discovered the stairs on the other side? To me the wall seems to be alike on both sides."

"I tell you, Starr," said Dugger, "there is a step-ladder standing against the back door of the professor's house. I saw it when the gate was opened for the gracer's man this afternoon. It will not reach more than half-way the wall, but you can then catch the coping and swing yourself up. You can toss the turkey over if it hinders your flight."

"It never once entered my head that Dugger was attempting to play a joke upon me; jokes were rather dangerous things to handle those days, and duels were sometimes fought for far less provocation than a college prank.

"Sims was a heavy fellow; while Lester and Dugger were both tall, slender boys. I was slight, athletic, and did not bear a reputation for cowardice, to say the least of it. So I knew the boys were playing fair with me. I knew, too, that were it otherwise Sims and Dugger would have Lester as well as me to whip; for Lester was my safe friend always.

"Sims extended his hand palm up, as though to lift a lady to the saddle, elbow straight and arm perfectly stiff. I set my foot in the open palm and gave a little spring, holding my knee stiff; the next instant Dugger had caught me up and tossed me on to Lester's shoulder. From here I caught the coping and drew myself quickly to the top of the wall.

"Below all was serene; the kitchen was dark and deserted. There was not a sound, save the muffled whispers of my comrades below, on the outside. With a stoop and a slide I was in the professor's yard. A moment later and the step-ladder was under the Thanksgiving turkey. Another, and the precious 'bird' was in my possession, and the ladder was journeying, with my help, in the direction of the wall at the point over which I had made my descent. Suddenly I stopped; the boys were moving off. Not deserting me—that would be folly now, with the 'bird' in my possession—but certainly moving off. Then they began to sing—one of the nonsensical old college songs that have been, and will be, a part of college life as long as that life shall continue to endure. I understood as plainly as though they had sung it to me over the kitchen wall in so many words that some one was coming down the street; there was danger ahead. I knew the danger was from the outside, and threatened the watchers rather than me, else would they have waited and have taken their chances along with me. A little later I heard the familiar challenge of 'Halt! who's there?' The reply sent a sort of shiver down my back:

"I, sir."

"Of all the faculty to have Royce on the scent of the escape! No wonder they had sung, and played it 'big.' They threw him off the scent, however; for a moment more they were back and calling to me over the wall to come out in double-quick time.

"I tossed the Thanksgiving bird over to them, and, quickly following it, set out for our dormitory, with the others.

"Lester carried the turkey to Sims's room, in the crown of his silk hat. Nobody would ever have suspected Lester, the top of the college, of concealing a greasy fowl about his immaculate broadcloth. There was not a boy in college dressed so well as Lester.

"As we entered the great hall we met a squad of fellows coming out; they were singing—a song composed for the occasion; we stopped a moment to listen and to laugh with them over the new 'glee':"

"Old Hick'ry made a proclamation—
Turkey roast for all the nation,
Hurrah for Andy!
Must have snuffed the ham and bacon
Served the boys at Randolph-Macon,
Hurrah for Andy!"

"Our rooms were provided with large open fire-places, and the boys were allowed all the wood they cared to carry up from the wood-pile below. Sims and I built up the fire, while Lester and Dugger prepared the turkey for roasting. We had such a heat that it became necessary to hoist a window and let in the air.

"Dugger drove a tenpenny nail into the mantel, and Lester twisted a wire around the stubby end of the turkey's legs and swung it from the nail. It hung just before the fire, suspended some three inches above the hearth. When the grease began to drip Dugger suddenly bethought himself of an oyster cup that was in his room. 'Just the thing to catch the gravy,' said he, and ran off at once to get it. He was gone so long that we wondered if something wasn't the matter, and were about to send a reconnoitering party to look after him when we heard his tap at the door.

"Took your time, didn't you?" said Sims.

"I had to hunt the cup," said he; "some one had moved it."

"We were in Sims's and Dugger's room; they invited us to take off our things, and 'be comfortable.'"

"We put on each a pair of borrowed slippers and a dressing-gown, and prepared for the feast before us. I remember Dugger's boots that stood open, like a tunnel stood on end, at the foot of the bed.

"In two hours the oyster cup was almost full; and such an odor as went up from the roasting fowl we felt sure the old house had never known. The yellow skin had turned a delicious-looking brown; a slender

knife-blade thrust into the breast gave us the cheering information that the fowl was tender—deliciously tender. We had stolen the salt and some pepper at mess, though we found that it had been salted already, thanks to Mrs. Farman's forethought.

"Sims scoured the washbowl with clean, new ashes, and I pulled out the table. Every boy had his own knife. Dugger lifted the turkey from the nail and placed it carefully in the washbowl, while we, the rest, looked on, hungrily. At that moment there was a tap at the door—a gentle, villainously professorial tap.

"The scramble was swift, but noiseless. The turkey went under the bed, and in a twinkling Dugger lowered the cup of gravy into his own big, open boot. In the meantime Lester was at the door, demanding who was there. In the heat of our fright we couldn't help smiling to see how very hard of hearing Lester had suddenly grown.

"Who is there?" he demanded for the third time. "Who is at the door?"

"The reply that came, each time in louder tones, fell like thunder upon the ears of the occupants of the turkey-perfumed room:

"I, sir."

"Royce, with his everlasting 'I, sir.' Everybody in college knew Royce by that reply of his—always the same.

"He must be admitted, of course. He came in smiling, rubbing his hands, *sniffing*—actually sniffing.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," said he. "I saw your light under the door, and feeling a little lonely, with so many of the students gone home for Thanksgiving, and to-morrow being a holiday, I concluded to call. Ah, thank you, Mr. Dugger; yes, I will sit a while. Nice Thanksgiving weather we are having. I always feel gossipy at Thanksgiving—like an old woman, I dare say. Nice weather—yes, very nice weather."

"Somebody said 'very nice'; I thought it was Lester, but Lester said afterward that I had said it myself. Possibly I did. I forgot it the moment after, however—forgot everything, indeed, but the one horrible thing that presented itself to my eye at that moment: Lester had forgotten to take off his cook apron. It was a pillow slip that he had taken off Sims's pillow in order to protect his clothes from the grease; it was pinned on either side to his waistcoat, and gave him much the appearance of a present-day hotel dining-room boy. The visitor, strange to say, was oblivious as to the appearance of things in the room. He had taken the chair that Dugger offered him, and was sniffing the hidden turkey while he made himself thoroughly at home.

"The funniest college prank I ever heard of," said he, "was told me by a friend of mine who chanced at the time to be a student at the college where it was perpetrated. The boys stole a turkey from one of the professors who had bought it for his Thanksgiving dinner. They roasted it (sniff in the direction of the boot) before the fire in their room, and caught the gravy in an oyster cup set (sniff again) under the browning fowl." He smiled, sniffed, and set his chair a trifle nearer the open boot.

"If there was a boy in that room dared breathe at the moment I was not the boy. The unwelcome visitor was silent a moment, then began again, after peeping into the boot, and smiling that knowing, villainous smile of his. At the moment when the turkey had been taken from the fire one of the professors knocked at the door. There was a great rush, you may be sure, to hide the stolen feast. The cup of gravy was carefully, if swiftly, dropped into the leg of the convenient boot—yes, the turkey was whisked under the— Amid breathless silence he stooped, gave a curious little peep at the hidden washbowl, and said:

"Bring him out, Dugger, I'll take a slice."

"We wished very much to shout, but refrained; it must have been the wonderful turn of affairs that silenced us. We obeyed, however; the theft was out, and right glad were we to make our old enemy, as we were pleased to call him, a party to it.

"Such a supper as we had; and such a comrade. Who of us ever dreamed old 'I, sir,' could be such a chummy good fellow? He went back to his bachelor apartments and brought out some crackers and pickles and plates. He even brushed up his coffee-pot and made us a pot of coffee, which we drank from our shaving-mugs.

"The feast lasted until past midnight. When it was over and we had pushed back our chairs the professor rose, and, resting one long, scholarly finger upon the brown table that had lately been our festal board, began to speak.

"Now, young gentlemen," said he, "how much do you think our frolic has been worth to us?"

"Prices varied from fifty to five hundred dollars. The professor said, however, as he thrust his finger in his waistcoat pocket, that he thought a compromise of twenty-five cents each would about equalize things. "Since you find the prank so satisfactory," said he, "you will not, I feel sure, object to a contribution of twenty-five cents each to buy a Thanksgiving turkey for Farman. I feel sure he hasn't one, and he has half a dozen guests invited for dinner to-morrow. Come, boys, 'he that dances, you know.' Sims must go down and procure a fowl first thing in the morning. Be sure it is a fat one, Sims—as fat as ours was to-night. And to begin, there is my part of the contribution."

"As the professor dropped his money with a jubilant little ring upon the table I glanced at Dugger, and touched Lester on the sleeve. He told, said I. "Dugger told on us, when he went for the oyster cup. Look at his face and see for yourself."

"In an instant, regardless of the presence of the professor, we were on him, as angry a set of boys as ever rose to vengeance. He kept us off for a moment with his bended right arm: 'I'll pay the damage, professor,' he was shouting at the top of his voice. 'I'll pay the damage—the frolic was worth it.'"

"There was a moment's silence, then Lester said: "Not my part of it; and he, too, placed a bit of bright silver upon the late festal board."

"Nor mine," said I, without a second's thought, as I added my contribution, quickly followed by the rest. In half a minute 'the breach had been repaired' and Farman provided with a second Thanksgiving turkey."

OUR CAPUCHIN PET.

BY E. L. PERITARA.

Just beyond the turn in the road Old Honesty jogged along under her pack, her ears flapping in well-fed content. We soon overtook her, and I called a halt. Little less than an earthquake could disturb that wise old mule, so we had in less than a minute fastened that monkey by short tether to a fore corner of the cargo on her back. We had no misgivings, and the black rascal was glad to leave me for any other company.

He had company there. Tied to the middle of the pack was a green parrot with a yellow head and a fine education. Behind her was a parrot, in body little bigger than a sparrow; in courage little less than a lion. A guacamaya, big and gorgeous in his bright red and blue and golden plumage, was tied to the fore corner opposite the monkey. His tail feathers were at least two feet long, and he had a great white, curved beak of which Francisco, our *mozo* from Mexico, declared:

"It is like the jaw of a gossiping woman—powerful for evil."

Our train started, Francisco first, the cargo of animals next. Two Americans rode after, enjoying the pure sunshine of the morning, the soft, cool trade-wind, the songs of birds among the fresh foliage and brilliant flowers that had been quickened into life by recent showers. And we enjoyed that menagerie.

That big macaw had hope that the mule would soon pass so near to some bush that he could catch an overhanging branch, and so escape from the white strangers who were carrying him away into captivity in—who could say what land of strange dangers and trials? He turned to face the bushes at the right of the road, and the end of his long and beautiful tail swept over the edge of the cargo. As the bird raised his head to seize a limb, the monkey, clinging to the opposite side of the pack, mistook, perhaps, those blue and yellow feathers for some pretty and improved style of bell-pull, and he promptly jerked at them to see if the owner was at home.

The owner was at home, and was surprised by the call. He shouted savagely and turned in a fury on the parrot next to him. It may be that he threatened to bite her head off if she didn't let that tail alone. And she denied as loudly that she had touched his old tail. 'Twas too big and clumsy for any use, anyway; always in the way, and always getting into trouble. Everybody knew that his wife had always to leave her train sticking out of the front door of her house in the side of the pine tree whenever she went in to sit on her eggs. Such tails were a nuisance, and not to be compared with one that could be spread into a wide and beautiful green fan trimmed with red and blue and black, like the tails of the yellow-heads. And more to like purpose, no doubt.

So the macaw, having got more talk than he had bargained for, turned again to watch for a chance to catch a branch and escape from the evil company he was in. There was another pull at his tail. Then he was in a rage. He whirled around and fairly yelled his opinion of his yellow-headed cousin. She turned her head away from her big, bullying fellow-traveler, stuck up one limber foot to ward off his threatened clutch, and shrieked a denial of his charges. I fear that she used all the bad language there may be in native parrot tongue; I know that she mixed in a line of a Spanish love song, although it did not seem to excite the cause.

The mistress yellow-head, thoroughly angry, turned on the parrot. He was so much smaller than she that it seemed quite safe to pick a quarrel with him, to give vent to the ill-humor caused by the "jawing" of that big macaw. But the parrot was brave if he was little, so he ruffled up and boldly told her to mind her own business, and not try to pass her squabbles over to him; he wouldn't stand another word of her abuse.

Leaving the two to quarrel it out, the macaw turned once more to watch the roadside, and once more the monkey reached for those feathers. They were so bright and pretty that he felt that he really must have them. So he gave a long pull and a strong pull. The macaw clung desperately to the lasso which bound the cargo to the saddle, and screamed for help. The yellow-head made a fierce dab at the monkey's arm, and that imp of mischief let go suddenly. Over went the macaw, big nose down, and flapped his wings wildly as he hung by one leg, held by the thong that bound him to the pack.

Then, with misgivings, we tied the monkey to the load on our other pack animal, and after that jogged along in peace until the hind feet of that horse slipped on the wet clay bank of a creek, and he sat down quickly in water some eighteen inches deep. The monkey was held with half his body under water, and capuchins seem to hate water, in outward application.

I may live to be a very old man, and may see strange things before I die; but I doubt if I shall live to see a look of greater horror mingled with more abject appeal for rescue than was then on the white pliz of that monkey. And we cruelly sat in our saddles and laughed at him until tears blinded us.

At last Francisco helped the horse to his feet and we rode on, that mico reviling us because we had laughed at his terrors. But he soon stopped that, pressed his head between his hands with moans and every sign of a dumb human being would use to tell another that he had a splitting headache.

I couldn't see him suffer so without trying to relieve him, so I untied his leash and he jumped upon my arm, nestled close to my side, wound his tail around my upper arm, looked pitifully up into my face and chattered to tell me how dreadfully his head ached, and how sorry he was for having behaved so badly that morning. So I forgave him at once, stroked his head softly and kept the broad brim of my sombrero over him so that he was in its shadow, and spoke soothingly; for all which he was plainly very grateful, for he caught my hand between his own soft little palms and pressed it to his throbbing brow. I was glad of all this, for it would be much pleasanter to have him gentle and friendly than ready to fly to the end of his tether as though in mortal fear of me whenever I might go near.

We rode up to the house where we were to breakfast soon after the capuchin had become most affectionate. As I passed under a slim pole that hung like a curtain rod

under the eaves of the veranda that monkey sprang up, caught the pole, then turned and reviled me bitterly, as if all the kindness I had shown him and all the gratitude he had professed within the hour were utterly forgotten, as I have no doubt they were in truth.

But I tortured him well to pay for that, for I held just beyond his reach a lump of brown sugar and reminded him of his baseness in so quickly forgetting all he owed me, then gave him the lump. He nibbled with joy at its edge, and as he liked it so much I handed another lump to him. He seized that as eagerly as he had taken the first, and I offered another piece. He crammed the first lump into his mouth, passed the second one from his left to his right hand, and took the third piece. Then I held up to him the fourth bit of sweetness, and that capuchin was instantly in a world of trouble. Each hand held all it could grasp and his mouth was too full for utterance, while his heart was filled with greedy longing for the lump he could not manage.

That last chunk was no larger, no sweeter, no better in any way than any of those he had, but in his heart the desire to get that piece was far greater than was his enjoyment of all the rest. And when I held the bit up to him he tried to cram a second lump into his mouth, then strove to hold two pieces in one hand, then, failing in this, he whimpered like the petulant baby he was.

And there are people who deny that there is close kinship between men and monkeys.

ON LYING AND LIARS.

BY COCKBURN HARVEY.

II.

It is funny how much easier it is to tell a lie than the truth; somehow there always seems to be a spare lie just ready to drop off our tongues, but we have to turn on the whole moral facel before we can extract the slightest drop of veracity.

The daily and other comic papers are full of jokes in relation to the lies told by husbands to their wives to account for their being detained out at unseasonable hours, but we don't hear much about the serious side of the business. Listen to this:

About two years ago a young friend of mine married a charming, ignorant—no, I mean innocent—little thing, and for a year they were, I think, the happiest pair of turtle doves I ever saw. Then, one day, the young fellow was persuaded by some of his bachelor friends to dine at the Club, and to make a jolly evening of it; in consequence he did not get home until pretty late—or, rather, pretty early. He found his poor little wife in such a nervous condition from fear that something had happened to him that he could not bear to tell her that he had been "having a good time" while she was waiting up at home, and rushing to the door whenever a step came that way; so he informed her that he had been detained at the office. A few evenings afterward one of his friends, who was dining with him and his wife, let fall a remark to the wife about the wonderful skill her husband had displayed at billiards at the Club on that particular night. She did not say anything, but my young friend tells me that she gave him one look which made him long for the earth to open and swallow him. He was speaking to me about it the other day, and said:

"It's nearly a year ago now, but she's never forgiven me, and somehow she has a way of making me feel as if I was lying even when I am telling the absolute truth, so we're not very comfy these days."

I wonder what sort of a time the poor little woman is having, don't you?

The man who lies about his own prowess seldom does much harm beyond making a deadly enemy of the Recording Angel.

I wonder who would bury us if all liars nowadays were to meet with the speedy justice of Ananias and his spouse!

Don't you hate the liar who meets you with the exclamation, "I'm glad to see you, I never saw you looking better!" and then when you explain to him that this is your first day out, after a prolonged attack of typhoid, adds, "I thought you were looking a little peaked?"

There was a woman out in Arizona whose husband was hanged for the murder of his employer. Just before the execution the murderer confessed his crime to the chaplain of the jail, who mentioned the fact to the man's wife when he called to give her her husband's last message. When the clergyman had finished his tale the woman sobbed out:

"Did you say that he told you that he killed Mr. —?"

"Yes, my poor woman," replied the chaplain; "his heart was softened at the last, and he confessed, and expressed a hope of forgiveness."

"Then he didn't do it!" exclaimed his wife, joyfully.

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped her visitor.

"If he said he did it, he didn't," she cried, a smile shining through her tears; "Jim never told the truth in his life!"

The ordinary domestic lie, as perpetrated by our servants, is, as a rule, too palpable to do much harm, and, usually, bears only upon the breakage of our glass and china, and as long as the cat does not object I don't know that we should complain. My maid displayed a certain amount of ingenuity in this kind of excuse the other evening. I have a most destructive (if I may believe Mary) but withal lovable cat, named Sappho—at least that is what I christened her—but Mary prefers to pronounce it Sofia. The other evening Sappho and I were sitting in front of the fire thinking, and smoking, and licking our paws—that is, of course, I was smoking, and Sappho was performing the other operation—when we heard a dreadful crash, and presently Mary appeared with the remains of my valuable cut glass claret jug in her hands.

"Oh, sir," she sobbed, "just as I was a-washing of this cat jumped into my arms and knocked it out of my hands!"

"But, Marv," said I, "Miss Sappho is the only cat in the establishment, and she has been in here all the evening."

"I know that, sir," replied Mary, indignantly, "but Miss Sofia has visitors."

I have since given Sappho to understand that these callers will not be tolerated, and I am in hopes that things will run more smoothly now.

The man who lies in business dealings is not considered to be an honest man, but is revered as a smart one sometimes. I once heard a man who had just suffered heavy losses in business in consequence of the duplicity—or what is called "sharp dealing"—of one of his fellow-merchants, complaining in strong terms of the villainy, dishonesty, and so forth, of which he had been the victim. At length, however, there came a change in his expression, and he seemed to have discovered a ray of light in his dismal sky of trouble. Presently he brought his hand down on my knee in a way which convinced me that he wished to arrest my attention, and said:

"He's a smart scoundrel, though, my boy. Why, he got ahead of me!"

I do not believe that the constant repetition of a lie alters its character; so many people do, don't they?

There is a great difference between dogs and cats in this matter of prevarication. It seems to be an absolute impossibility for a dog to tell anything but the square, downright truth; he never can get out of a scrape by the aid of an excuse; in fact, if he has done anything wrong he advertises it at once by his bearing. He comes into the room with his tail—that barometer of his sensations—carefully hidden from view, and, instead of making you feel uncomfortable with that steady, honest, thought-reading stare of his, sneaks over to the corner of the room and lies down with a sigh. If you are of a suspicious nature and hard-hearted withal, you say: "What have you been doing, Jack? Come here, sir!" to which he responds with a quick glance at you, and a feeble and slow tap-tap of his tail on the floor. After having been invited to "come here" several times, and finally commanded to do so, he crawls up to you, having first tied himself into knots, and having assumed a shape which no animal, save an apologetic dog, ever did take.

With cats it is quite another story. Sometimes I come into my study, when my five-o'clock tea-table has been carefully laid by Mary, and as I open the door I hear a sound which leads me to suspect that Sappho is making a hurried descent from some elevated position; when I examine the cream I find convincing evidence that it has been tampered with, and then I look at Sappho.

No! it is impossible to suspect her. To my inquiry, "Tittums, have you been stealing?" she stretches herself in a bored sort of way—for she is fast asleep on the hearth-rug by the time I get into the room—and then gets up and makes violent charges at my legs head first; and, with tail erect, marches backward and forward, only halting occasionally to lean against me while she stops purring and gives me an indignant look. Or, she jumps up into my lap and sits there, pensively patting my leg, first with one front paw and then the other, as much as to say: "There, there, I know you can't help being a bit queer at times; I don't bear you any ill-will!" and I feel quite sorry for her, and end by apologizing.

I may be a little hard on Sappho, for I have had a grudge against her ever since she was the cause of the breaking off of my engagement to the dearest girl in all the world. Sappho is an educated cat, and, when she is in a good humor, will go upstairs and bring down my slippers if I ask her prettily. My fiancée had expressed a wish to see my bachelor quarters, so I invited her mother to chaperon a few friends at a little five-o'clock tea-party. Of course Sappho came in for a good deal of attention, and naturally I was anxious to display what I, as well as Nature, had done for her; so I asked her to perform her little trick. To my surprise, she complied with my request without the slightest demur, and presently appeared, put one Russian leather shoe, which I keep for these exhibitions, on the floor and hurried off after the other. By this time the attention of all was riveted upon puss's movements, of course, so that when she entered presently with a dainty little blue knitted slipper, many sizes too small for me, in her mouth, a good deal of surprise was expressed. My darling's mother ruffled up her feathers, said, "She wouldn't have brought her daughter there if she had known," and, before I could explain that the beastly old thing must have been in my room ever since my sister was stopping with me in the summer, the room was empty. The next day I received a bundle, the regulation one under the circumstances, and a note from the old lady, saying that it would be useless for me to try to defend myself, as she feared that such a *roué* as I had proved myself to be would not hesitate to prevaricate to exculpate himself. There was a decided coolness between puss and me for a day or two.

Sometimes I feel more sympathy with the liar than the lied about. A man was arrested in England for beating his wife; the neighbors had heard screams, burst into the house, and found the woman lying on the floor groaning, the man standing over her; but no one but the wife and her husband had seen a blow struck. The next day the woman, bruised and weeping, was brought before the magistrate to testify against the brute; but, when the time came, she refused to say a word.

"Didn't he strike you?" queried the magistrate.

"N—no, your Honor," sobbed the woman.

"Then how did you get those black eyes, and all those bruises?"

"I just got into one of my tantrums and threw myself around," was the paralyzing reply.

We had a curate in our village who had a brother a drunkard, who lived I don't know where, but he would put in an appearance every now and then, and after borrowing as much as he could of the poor parson's scanty means, would as like as not go on a prolonged spree at our respectable little inn. At last things grew so bad that the curate's pride compelled him to resign his position, and the same thing happened wherever he went. To make a long, sad story short, one evening down in the slums of London this young clergyman lay dying of privation and that disease called "broken heart," when his brother, with tardy remorse, came to see him.

"I have killed you," he sobbed, theatrically, "I have ruined your life! I shall never forgive myself."

"Nonsense," gasped the curate, "don't let that worry you, it is not your fault!"

I don't believe the Recording Angel made a note of that lie, do you?

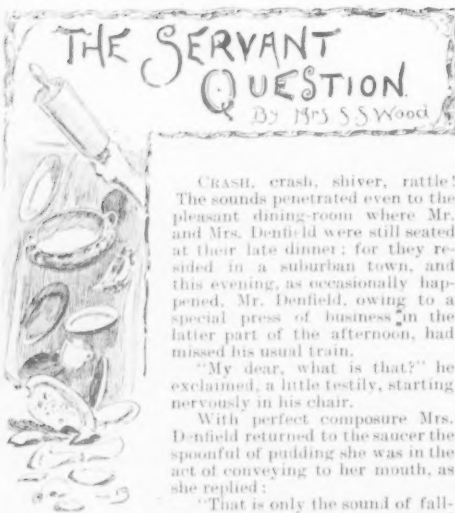
COLLIER'S WEEKLY.





SOUL'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.



CRASH, crash, shiver, rattle! The sounds penetrated even to the pleasant dining-room where Mr. and Mrs. Denfield were still seated at their late dinner; for they resided in a suburban town, and this evening, as occasionally happened, Mr. Denfield, owing to a special press of business in the latter part of the afternoon, had missed his usual train.

"My dear, what is that?" he exclaimed, a little testily, starting nervously in his chair.

With perfect composure Mrs. Denfield returned to the saucer of pudding she was in the act of conveying to her mouth, as she replied:

"That is only the sound of falling crockery: have you not heard the noise sufficiently often to recognize it by this time?"

Crash, shiver, clatter, came again from the region of the kitchen, and Mrs. Denfield remarked, as she pushed away the pudding and helped herself to a fine pear: "Ah! That is evidently the cover of the new soup tureen."

"Katherine! That dish cost me just eighteen dollars!"

"Yes, I remember. A beauty, wasn't it?" But still Mrs. Denfield continued to placidly proceed with the apparent enjoyment of her dessert.

"Why don't you say something?" demanded her husband, after a moment or two of silence in the dining-room, though frequent unusual noises from the kitchen betokened that the angry goddess who ruled there was not yet appeased.

"What topic would you like me to enlarge upon?" was the next inquiry, supplemented by the remark, "I am ready to make myself agreeable, and even to wear the proverbial smile that all good wives should wear on the return of their husbands from the worries and perplexities of business."

"Now, Katherine, please don't be exasperating. Why don't you stop such dreadful waste of money—yes, madam, money—I would like to know?" and, although usually an ardent admirer of his wife and her methods, Mr. Denfield's scowling brow and clinched fist, as he brought the latter heavily down upon the table, testified that the present was a striking exception to the rule. "Shall I call Delia in and reprove her, madam, or will you?"

"Most certainly I will not," was the indifferent reply. "If you choose to try and quell the storm that you have innocently raised, why, do so, by all means; but the result will be a 'notice,' and our kitchen autocrat will walk off, bag and bundle—but not until a good deal more china has been sacrificed upon the altar of her injured importance."

"Do you mean to say, Katherine, that I have raised this—that I am responsible for all this—this—wreckage?"

"Certainly I do, my dear. You were late home this evening, a circumstance that was not appreciated by Delia; and in order that you should understand her displeasure she purposely very poorly mashed the potatoes. Instead of ignoring the fact, like a politic man, you remarked that they were so lumpy as to be unfit to appear upon a civilized man's table. At this, her indignation increased, and she dropped a plate of bread in passing it, brought in the coffee so weak that it is anything but 'black,' and so muddy that it might stand until morning before it would clear. I anticipated when you noticed all the little chastisements the girl had prepared for your edification, or education, that the result would be the destruction of china; but I did not think she would try so soon to compass the ruin of that lovely tureen," and Mrs. Denfield sighed.

"At last you are evincing some feeling," admitted her husband. "Have you enumerated all my offenses?"

"No, indeed! The sum of your iniquities was capped by the announcement that a letter received from your brother Jack heralded the arrival of himself, wife and baby next Tuesday."

"Katherine, shall you not be glad to see them?"

"Most unquestionably. I could not love an own sister so well, or at least better, than I do Jack's wife. I would, however, have concealed my transports from Delia, and announced their coming when she was in a lenient mood, and I could have gently paved the way by some mollifying gift."

"No wonder household management is so poor when mistresses condescend to take subordinate positions and even go so far as to offer bribes in order to secure even

the faulty, incompetent service they receive. Where is your system and self-respect, madam? What would become of my business if I should bribe the office boy every time he had an additional errand to perform?"

"Your office boy has something to look forward to beyond being an office boy all his life," suggested Mrs. Denfield.

"And so has Delia. Marriage is always open to a woman, I believe," was the somewhat ironical retort.

"Yes, but what does marriage offer to a woman in her position? Living in one, two, or possibly three rooms in a stifling tenement, with children growing up in dirt and vice, of whose management and training she is incapable. Probably a drinking, cursing husband, and herself helping to eke out their coarse fare by 'taking in' washing or 'going out' scrubbing."

A moment of silence followed this striking portrayal, and then Mr. Denfield, pushing testily back in his chair, exclaimed:

"All that is nothing to me. It is my comfort in which I am interested and to which I expect a servant to contribute in return for the wages paid her. It does seem to me, Kathie, that you might devise some method for controlling your kitchen service."

"I am ready both to 'hear and heed' any suggestions you may offer," was the reply. "I have tried being the austere mistress, and then my servants have flouted and openly defied me; I have sought to become their friend, *à la* modern advice, and they have ridiculed me; I have pretended utter ignorance of culinary matters, and they have scorned me; I have looked carefully after all details, and been sneered at. All these are trivialities, or would be, had I solved the question of how to keep efficient help; as I am no nearer doing that than I was twelve years ago, when we first established our household gods, they have become well-nigh insupportable and quite insurmountable obstacles."

"The roast was dry as a bone and absolutely tasteless, except for a strong flavor of cinders," commented



PARTNERS.

Mr. Denfield after another short silence; for, truth to tell, he was a man who thoroughly enjoyed the pleasures of a good table. "My mother knew how to keep food from drying all up although it did have to stand."

"A remark, I believe, you once made to some one of Delia's numerous predecessors, who avenged herself by retorting that she always had known we were not 'quality,' a fact of which you had just given proof, as, by your own admission, your mother had evidently done her own housework."

The recalling of this little incident brought a smile to the hitherto disturbed countenance of the much-tried master of the household, and he soon inquired, in a more conciliatory tone: "Can't you think of some other tact, Kathie?"

"Yes; I have just one resource left," was the reply. "It is, however, in the nature of an experiment, and I am not certain but one you would characterize as 'crazy.' As the first step toward it, please give me a check for next month's culinary expenses, including the servant's wages."

"On condition that you discharge Delia at once," was Mr. Denfield's reply.

"That will doubtless be unnecessary. Delia will, in all probability, discharge herself. I shall not coax her to remain, however, as I presume she has very nearly outlived her usefulness in this family."

"What is the plan?" inquired Mr. Denfield.

"Quite a utopian one, my dear. But it has occurred to me that the task of domestic servitude is, at best, rather a thankless one—decidedly too much so for any upon which the family welfare so largely depends. The servant is entitled to a monthly stipend, board, lodging and perfunctory gifts; but of course, necessarily between mistress and maid is a great gulf that never can be bridged. We demand that she exercise care over our belongings and practice petty economies without any material added benefit resulting to her therefrom. Now, I propose to take my next servant into partnership. I want in my hand, at the beginning of the next girl's reign, every cent that is to be expended for food, dishes, range coal, salary and incidentals. I propose at the end of the month, when all the breakages have been repaired or replaced, and all necessary new kitchen utensils have been purchased, salary paid, and so forth, to divide equally with her the surplus, should there be any, and see if by this method I cannot give our servant a reason for being herself interested in what is of such vital importance to us."

"A species of co-operation," ejaculated Mr. Denfield, with the slightest touch of sneering sarcasm. "Kathie, it won't work! It can't!"

"Very well. So the false prophets and wisecracks told Robert Fulton when he attempted steamboating, and thus all good and novel moves have been frowned upon, doubtless, from time immemorial. But if a failure—and I don't venture to say it won't be—that is

only what every previous attempt has been, and this I am determined to try."

"And buy coal by the thimbleful, or ton, I suppose?" queried Mr. Denfield.

"Yes, if you like to so consider it. Because Delia has burned as much in one month as should have lasted three is no reason why, if her successor makes the monthly allowance do duty for five or six weeks, she should not share with us the material benefit resulting therefrom in the most convenient of all commodities—hard cash."

"Go on, my dear. Try the thing by all means, even if you design buying the range coal by the bushel, hod, lump, or even grain, instead of by the ton. I presume I may still be allowed to lay in our furnace supply in the good old-fashioned way?"

"Certainly; and remember that, later on, should failure perch upon my present gaudy, unfurled banner, you may again be allowed the privilege of ordering our kitchen supply in the same manner."

Every "experienced housekeeper" will understand that the overtures of peace somewhat weakly made by Mrs. Denfield on the ensuing morning to the culinary dignitary were unavailing, and that, before night, Delia, bag and baggage, had departed.

Mrs. Denfield was kept busy the following day in answering her own door-bell, examining the various applicants for the vacated position, and, in turn, being examined by them. Finally, to a stout woman, who seemed fairly desirable, she broached her plan in the simplest possible language, only to be assured, in choice Hibernian, that the speaker was used to "wurkin' for ladies who jest paid her wages regularly an' didn't give no talk about dividin' or co-operatin'"; and then the offended superior being flouted out with a brave assumption of having been "put upon," whatever that may mean to those of her class.

Several further efforts met with such undisguised contempt, and were so flatly refused, in spite of the most specious presentation, that even stout-hearted little Mrs. Denfield began to be discouraged; but finally she met with a more than usually intelligent young woman, who "wouldn't mind trying it for a month." At the end of the month there were few breakages or missing articles to be replaced, and when the servant found the delightful little sum of six dollars and fifty-six cents, in addition to her regular wages, transferred to her own pocket, her surprise and joy were well-nigh unbounded.

What Mrs. Denfield characterizes as "generous economies" have ever since reigned in her kitchen. Servants have come and servants have gone, but always, since Delia's exit, for the best of reasons and with mutual regrets. Every one has looked well after the remnants and the refrigerator, and soon learned to take pleasure in concocting dainty dishes from the "left-overs," that, under former chaotic rule, would either have been thrown aside, surreptitiously carried away, or spoiled in the serving.

And Mrs. Denfield's example has spread throughout the little town in which she lives. A few still cling to the old way, preferring to spend their money in replacing china and advertising for help or haunting intelligence offices, than allowing a servant to place the extra dollars, saved by her carefulness and economy, in her pocket. But their numbers are so few now, instead of the prevailing topic of conversation at the church sewing circle and during the interchange of neighborly calls being the shortcomings of servants, it is more apt to be the details of a new dish, toothsome and tasty, that some one's cook has evolved from fragments. In fact, the earnest workers of the First Church are now busy classifying and reducing to order the contributed contents for a new cook-book, the proceeds from the sale of which are to be a "perpetual aid" to a certain deserving charity.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S TOUR.

KING CARLOS of Portugal has been on a tour throughout Europe, visiting the capitals of all the great Powers. The journey has been expected for a considerable time, as it was known to have been projected long ago. He arrived, November 1, at Potsdam, where he was received in great state by the Emperor of Germany, and was expected in England during the first week of this



KING CARLOS OF PORTUGAL.

month. It has been rumored that on visiting Rome he will go to the Quirinal before presenting himself at the Vatican. The verification of this rumor is awaited with interest, as it is certain that in the event of such a course being taken the Pope will refuse to receive him. It will be the first case on record of such disregard of the Papal authority by a Catholic sovereign. During the absence of the King, Queen Amélie has acted as Regent.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures colic, soothes the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

CANADIANS AND PRIZE SHOOTING.

THE achievement of Hayhurst, of the Thirteenth Battalion, Hamilton, in winning the Queen's Prize at Bisley this year, and conferring thereby glory not only upon himself, his brother-riflemen and his regiment, but upon Canadian riflemen as a body and upon the Dominion, awoke many Canadians to the importance, from a colonial point of view, of the mother country's annual rifle-shooting carnival at the English butts—if they may be called such. There were gathered together on the English common rifle cracks, so to speak, from almost every county and corner of Great Britain, to compete against one another, and in a still wider competitive sense against the select few which the colonies had seen fit to send to represent them. And the glamour of the Canadian militiaman's victory, when the news was flashed westward that Hayhurst had won the choicest plum in the Bisley basket, the golden apple, the desideratum of all ambitious competitive marksmen, from the veriest tyro to the most grizzled old-

ing done upon the Rideau Rifle Range at the capital during the Dominion Rifle Association's annual meet in August. For the individual and collective shooting, the "grand aggregate" of 1895 at the Canadian "Bisley" was greatly superior to that of any other season under similar auspices. Hayhurst, fresh from his English triumph, was of course a competitor, and a marked as well as a marksman wherever he went. If he did not repeat his transatlantic success by winning the Governor-General's Prize—which is the Canadian equivalent for Great Britain's first plum—he secured for himself a position among the select twenty who will visit England next year.

More than all, Hayhurst's victory was a national affair. It was the means of bringing Canada still more to the front among the colonies and the younger nations, as the winning of any international event of importance must bring any nation into notice. And through the victory of Hayhurst and the uniformly fine shooting at Bisley in 1895 of the Canadian team, the riflemen of Great Britain may feel that henceforward, to a greater degree even than heretofore, they will have at Bisley dangerous rivals for the most prized laurels in the men who represent the united Provinces of the great and prospering young colony stretching side by side with the United States from the nearer Atlantic to the far Pacific sea.

On the Rideau Rifle Range, as in fact on many other ranges, the last practice shots of the season are being fired while the fine autumn weather lasts; and on this range in particular, within the last nine years an unbroken series of victories have been enacted, which, by virtue of the fact that they were gained by less than a score of men all attached to one regiment, have grown to be remarkable. The British Challenge Shield—a piece of silver standing three feet high almost, valued at something like eight hundred dollars, and shaped as its name indicates—was presented in 1878 by the Auxiliary Forces of Great Britain to the Active Militia of Canada, and has been competed for in skirmishing matches at the Dominion Rifle Association meeting each year by teams of four or five men from various corps. The Gzowski Challenge Cup was presented by Sir Casimir Gzowski, A. D. C. to her Majesty, to be competed for under almost similar conditions to those governing the contests for the Shield. In 1883 a team representing the Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa tied with the team of another regiment for first place in the Cup contest. In 1884 the same Guards team won both the Cup and the Shield. In 1887 the regiment again captured the Shield; and since that year they have won each season either the Cup or the Shield—repeating, indeed, in 1891, 1893 and 1894 their double

The men who thus added lustre to the arms of their regiment are, singularly, few in number; or perhaps it has been because the teams have suffered little individual change that the regiment has been so fortunate. But there is little bottom to the argument that the men who have so successfully represented the red-coated regiment have always possessed over rival teams the advantage of being residents in the locality and practicing upon the range where the contests take place. For the Forty-third Battalion, to which some of the most brilliant shots in Canada belong, and which has probably been represented at Wimbledon and Bisley in a greater numerical proportion than any other Canadian corps, possesses a similar advantage—if advantage it be; yet its teams, composed of the very marksmen who have by their individual shooting in Canada and abroad made their regiment famous among riflemen, have been unable to win against the quartets and quintets wearing the scarlet tunic of the Guards.

The Rifle Range at Ottawa presents a lively scene during the one week in the fifty-two when riflemen from every Province of the Dominion are gathered together there. The scores of bell-tents, where the men are quartered, pitched in long regular rows; the larger and official tents, the more spacious and elaborate marquees of the various regiments, the bulletin board always surrounded by competitors and the curious, the variety of uniforms and color, the summer dresses and rainbow-hued parasols of the fair ones who grace the grounds in the afternoons—all constitute a scene beautiful, lively and picturesque, to which the incessant crack of the rifles, the doubtful music of the bagpipes, and the merry talk and chatter form an accompaniment unique, if inharmonious.

And for the eye which is entertained less by detail than the color and movement of the whole, the skirmishing contests must have an interest. Standing on a natural elevation, the spectator sees to the left the sparkling and sun-lit shallow river, and beyond that a stretch of level and wooded country; behind him the city with its splendid towers and glistening spires; and before him the common over which hundreds of thousands of bullets have sped during the week. Now a

bugle blows, and right and left below him small bodies of men in various uniforms move forward in a single and extended line at a lively pace across the verdant common. Suddenly a line of targets rises sharply to view hundreds of yards away. These targets are six feet square, and on each are silhouetted three figures supposed to represent men, dead, lying in a kneeling position. Each target is divided horizontally into three sections, the central portion including the deadly foe's supposed heart and lungs and every bodily part vital. A bullet, to secure the greatest number of points, must pierce this central section of the figure. As the targets rise the men halt, and, quickly loading, fire—the foe only remaining exposed for fifteen seconds. Then the bugle sounds "advance" or "retire," as the case may be, such movement being at the discretion and order of the officer commanding the entire line; and the targets rise and fall, new foes replacing the fiddled ones with cheerful promptness, the teams firing at various distances, approximately from one hundred to five hundred yards.

It has been in matches of this order that the cracks of the Guards have won a unique and enviable position for their regiment; and in recognition of their record the regiment the other day, at the first informal inspection by the new commander of the Canadian Forces, Major-General Gascoigne, presented each of the men who have in various years composed the winning teams with a separate badge for every competition in connection with the Shield and the Cup in which he played a victorious part. One marksman received a dozen badges, his sleeve being literally coated, as it were—if, indeed, he got them all on. The badges are of silver upon a dark-blue cloth six-pointed star. The Shield badge is a particularly fine bit of workmanship—as, in fact, is the Cup badge—being the Shield in miniature with the initials of the regiment across its face. The Shield itself reposes in the quarters of the regiment, which it has scarcely left for the last three seasons—resting, so to speak, upon itself until next season.

THE NEW CATHOLIC BISHOP.

RT. REV. MGR. JOHN M. FARLEY, Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, has been appointed auxiliary Bishop of New York. The appointment was made at the request of Archbishop Corrigan, as the diocese has grown to such an extent in recent years as to render the step necessary. The new Bishop will be consecrated probably in December, as the brief will not arrive until late this month.

Mgr. Farley is very popular among both the clergy and the laity of the Catholic Church in New York, and



MAJOR-GENERAL GASCOIGNE,
Commanding Canadian Militia.

timer—the Queen's Prize—does not require an effort of the memory to be recalled. Even the non-enthusiast, who wished Hayhurst had never been born, could not avoid seeing—if he did not read—in his daily paper a record of the movements of the fortunate rifleman from the hour he reached Canadian soil until his ultimate arrival in the city which jealously hailed him Hero. Nor can his reception upon his return to Canada be easily forgotten. It was the event of the season, if not the year. Hayhurst's home-coming was a gratifying march of triumph, an unbroken sequence of unselfish and spontaneous recognition of honor worthily won. Each city and town through which he passed perforce compelled him to halt, though not to "stand easy" by any means, that militiamen and citizens might confer upon him their meed of national homage; and his arrival in Hamilton, where he was himself a citizen, and where his coming had been awaited with eagerness and impatience, was a splendid and proud termination to the gain and glory and glamour of it all.

Had one small bullet, that in two seconds sped to victory, gone a little too high or a little too low, too much to the right or too much to the left; had the eye of Hayhurst grown dim and the hand of Hayhurst unsteady while the trigger was being pressed for that final and determinate shot—the story would not have been told, and one English rifleman would be even to-day the cynosure of many eyes in his native town.

But the bullet knew its business, and the light behind it did not fail.

Doubtless many a rifleman since has, in imagination, put himself in Hayhurst's place to discover, if he might, precisely how Hayhurst felt under the influence of so much disinterested homage and applause; and no doubt many a rifleman will, during the winter evenings that lie between the now and the next year's opportunities, as he oils his rifle or looks with a curious fondness over his old score-books. For the score-book of the rifleman is to him as the log of past cruises is to the canoeist and *voyageur*, the note-book to the tourist, the "catches" to the angler—a record and reminder of past experience and pleasure—always experience. And in a reverie before his fire—for there are fireplaces left yet, small coal and soft coal and hardwood be praised! despite innovation and improvement and phantasmal gas-grates—the retrospective rifleman will see a delightful dream of blue sky and verdant common, of a target rising to view hundreds of yards away down the vista of his vision, accompanied seven consecutive times by a perfectly visible disk of white; while in either ear will sound the music of the crack of many rifles, and he will sniff the blue rifle-smoke as it drifts lazily across his sight. And then possibly he will start and discover that the smoke is the smoke of his cigar, that the gas is not burning properly, and that the crack of many rifles is nothing but his wife's heel on the floor overhead, bidding him come to bed if he is not already asleep.

The winning of the Queen's Prize by a Canadian militiaman was a stimulus to inter-provincial rifle-shooting during that part of the season following the great event; an incentive to Canadian marksmen—if not, indeed, to all colonial shots—to do great things. And to the impulse thus given may partially be attributed the magnificent and unprecedentedly high scor-



MONSIGNOR FARLEY.

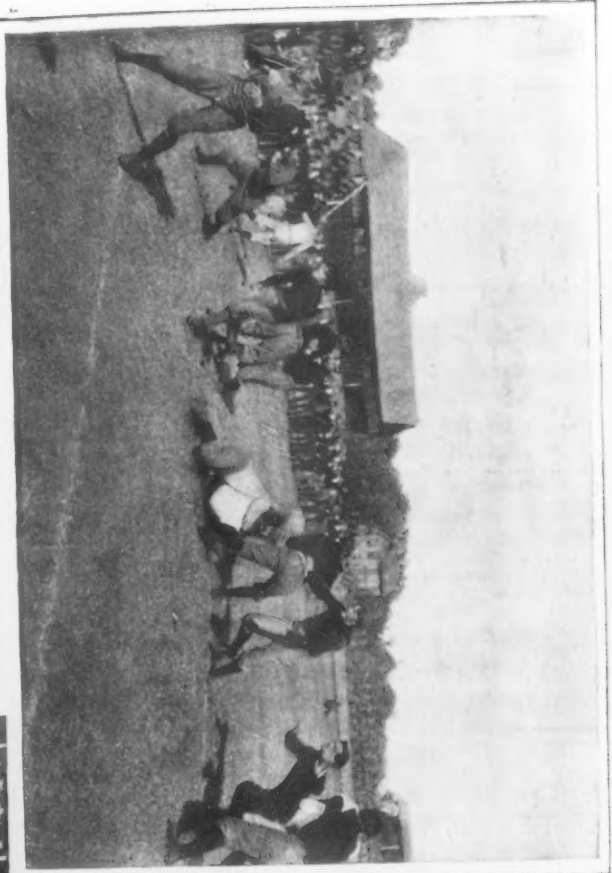
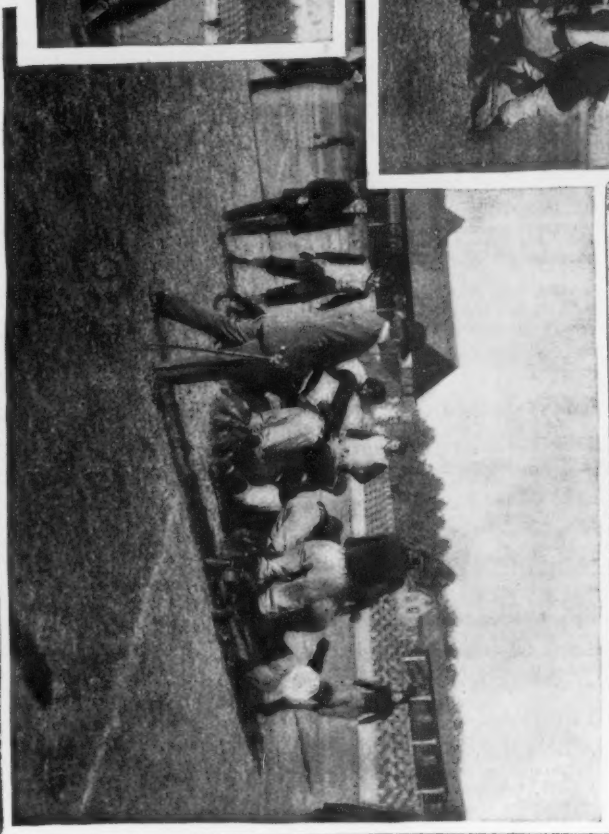
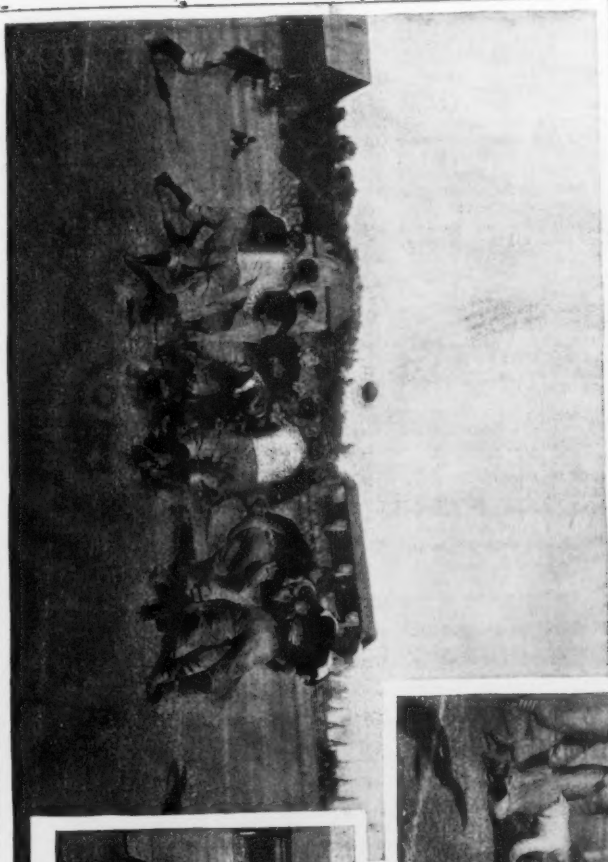
Soon to be consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York.

his elevation to the episcopate has given great pleasure. He was graduated from Fordham College, after which he pursued his theological studies in St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, and the American College in Rome. He was ordained priest in 1870, and two years later he was appointed secretary to Archbishop, afterward Cardinal, McCloskey. He continued to act in that capacity until 1884. He was appointed Monsignor in 1883, Vicar-General of the diocese in 1891, and Domestic Prelate in 1893.



"CONSCIENCE DOTH MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL."

THE PRINCETON FOOTBALL TEAM AT PRACTICE.



SPRING'S IMMORTALITY.

BY JACKSONIE BELL.

The birds awake at touch of Spring
From Winter's joyless dream;
From many a stone the mirth sing
By yonder mossy stream.

The cuckoo's voice, from emise and vale,
Lingers, as if to meet
The note of the nightingale
Across the rising wheat—

The bird whom ancient Solitude
Hath kept for ever young,
Unaltered since in staid mood
Calm Milton missed and sung

Al, strange it is, dear heart, to know
Spring's gladness mystery
Was sweet to lovers long ago—
Most sweet to such as we—

That fresh new leaves and meadow flowers
Blommed when the south wind came;
While hands of Spring caressed the bowers,
The thrush sang the same.

Unchanged, unchanged the thrush's song,
Unchanged Spring's answering breath,
Unchanged, though cruel Time was striven,
And stilled our love in death.

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

JOEY'S STORY.

"JOEY," I said, after a few moments' silence, as we sat at the twilight hour in easy chairs before the glowing coals in our open grate, "tell me, please, all about the very best good time your Happy Thought Club ever had."

"Aren't you asking impossibilities?" questioned the youth, with a smile.

"Why impossibilities?" I queried.
"Because, no good time can ever be told all about," was the thoughtful reply. "There are numberless little things entering into or completing it, that seem too trivial to repeat, or that cannot be related; and yet they are like the flavors of that incomparable pudding I so enjoyed for dinner."

I nodded assent, though smiling at the comparison.

"For instance, I may repeat some of Angie's sayings; but I cannot bring before you the girl's sparkling eyes, her changing color or the grace of her movements. I can simply say that Dick laughed; but you will have no idea of how merry a sound it was, or how the good cheer in his heart illuminated the boy's entire face. Then, again," he continued, "we had so many royal good times that it would be simply impossible to tell which of them all was best."

"Tell me, then, what you can about some one of the many good times," I urged.

"One was a visit to the poor-house," he said, soberly. "In a moment more Joey had thrust his head back upon the chair-rest. I knew, both from the lad's position and manner, that the relation would be of especial interest, and so brought forth note-book and pencil. As I raised them questioningly, Joey replied to my unspoken query by saying:

"Certainly, if you wish."
And so I am able to give you the story in Joey's own words.

"It came about in this way," he said. "Belle Hunt brought, one evening, as her happy thought an invitation from her grandmother for the Happy Thought Club to take supper with her on the following Saturday. Mrs. Hunt, or Grandma Hunt, lived seven miles from the village in a large, old-fashioned house on a farm, and a jolly time was sure to be had."

"Mr. and Mrs. Hunt would drive us out with Dan and Ned. We all know those two large bay horses and had enjoyed many rides after them; for Mr. Hunt often invited the girls and boys to jump in and have a ride when any one else in the village would have passed them by. His large express sleigh was to be filled with straw covered with robes, so as to be nice, soft and warm. Saturday would be Belle's birthday, so they were really giving her a party in that nice way. We should return in the evening by moonlight; but, as Mr. Hunt promised to have us all safely back by the time the clocks struck ten, every mother promised to let her child go."

"We shall pass the poor-house," said Angie Ward. "I wish—" and then she paused.

"What do you wish, Angie?" urged Dick.

"I was thinking of the poor old men and women out there, and of how cheerless their lives must be. I suppose that some of them had happy homes when they were young, and even enjoyed sleigh rides. I wonder if it would be too far for us to walk out there some time—I don't quite know yet whether or not this is a happy thought—and entertain them for an hour or so with songs and recitations. It might cheer them a little, and give the poor people something pleasant to think about. I know my grandma used to say that it made old people forget their infirmities when they saw bright young faces and heard merry voices."

"Aren't there some horrid people there?" asked Sammie Howes.

"I don't know, but I should think the poor-house would be enough to make any one horrid," Angie replied. "Angie was the strangest girl I ever knew. She was always the one to think of real nice things to do for others—things that somehow made our own hearts wonderfully light and warm in the doing."

"They are not all horrid," said Julia Hunt. "You know that papa is one of the selectmen, and so is obliged to go to the poor-house sometimes. I have heard him tell mamma about a Mrs. Earle who lives there. Her husband was a minister, and she is as refined and well educated as any of our own mistresses, but too old and feeble to earn her living. She has no near relatives, and her husband left no property, so she had to go to the poor-house. I don't just know why, for I had supposed that all churches provided for their poor ministers' wives."

"I pity them the more if they are horrid, or bad," said Dick, "because I am sure that must make it all the harder. When I am blamed at school, or anywhere, for something I've not done, I don't care very much; but when I am scolded or punished, and really deserve to be, why, then it hurts awfully."

"There wasn't much more said about it that evening, but in a day or two the Hunt sisters asked us all to be at their house an hour earlier than we had expected."

"Saturday finally came, and it was indeed a jolly party that piled into the big sleigh as it stood before Mr. Hunt's door. You may be very sure that not one of us was a second behind the appointed time. We never had to keep quiet for either Mr. or Mrs. Hunt; they both entered heartily into all our fun. The sleighing was just grand, and the day one of winter's brightest and best. How merrily the bells jingled! Mrs. Hunt said she believed the horses liked to have a load of young people, and shook their bells all they possibly could to help the fun along."

"Just before we reached the poor-house Mr. Hunt looked around at me and said:

"Joey, I heard you recite a humorous selection in school once that pleased me very much. Do you remember the piece well enough to repeat at the poor-house to-day? Suppose we act upon Angie's happy thought, and try to give those unfortunate people a little cheer; laughter will do them good."

"I can't tell you how barn-like and dreary the place looked when we entered, or very much about the poor old people there; but we sang happy songs, and gave a few bright recitations, all of which seemed to please them very much. Mrs. Earle said that we could never know the warmth and sunshine we had that afternoon cast into their shadowed lives. That woman was just lovely if she was the inmate of a poor-house. Any one of us might have been glad of such a grandma as she was."

"Then we drove on to the Hunt farm. And you don't know how pretty and cozy and home-like it looked, and especially in contrast with that desolate, dreary poor-house. Uncle Jack Hunt met us at the door, and had a joke for every one as he helped us from the sleigh. And then when we stepped within, there stood Grandma Hunt, just the loveliest picture of a dear old lady, with soft white curls, and cheeks out of which the girlish pink had not all faded. The rooms were large and low, and bright from the firelog and the afternoon sunshine. The windows were filled with blossoming plants, and there was a canary, a parrot, a dog and a big gray cat with yellow eyes, and every one and everything seemed so sleek and satisfied and contented."

"Grandma Hunt said that we must play only old-fashioned games when we were in an old-fashioned house, so we had the merry, rousing games of stage-coach, blind-man's buff and puss in the corner."

"It does not seem as if ever any supper could have been more delightful than was that. We had the nicest sandwiches—tongue and chicken—and the most delicious little biscuits I ever ate, that seemed just to melt in one's mouth, with jellies and jams and pickles, and cakes and custards—oh! everything that was just exactly what girls and boys liked best—and milk to drink that was more than half cream. Mr. Hunt said he knew we would enjoy our supper better if we were told that Mrs. Hunt had sent oysters to the poor-house so that every inmate could have a grand oyster supper that night; and we did."

"In the evening, after we had tired of playing games, we popped corn and ate nuts and apples, while Grandma Hunt told us what she called old-fashioned stories; they were about what people did when she was a girl, and about spinning and weaving that used to be done in every home instead of in large mills as it is to-day. Mr. Hunt kept us laughing merrily at the funny shadow picture he threw on the wall."

"Before we left Mr. Jack Hunt said that he was to have a birthday in maple sugar time, and that the Happy Thought Club would be invited out to help him celebrate. We were, too. Then Grandma Hunt said that her birthday came with the strawberries; and she knew that, next to maple sugar, the Happy Thought girls and boys liked strawberries and cream. So you see there were two more good times that we knew were coming, and could anticipate for several months."

"It seems to me that I never have known, either before or since, an evening on which the moonlight was quite so bright. We sang nearly all the way home, to the accompaniment of the sleigh-bells. Julia Hunt said. The horses were walking slowly past the poor-house, when Angie called Mrs. Hunt's attention to the fact that some one of the inmates, who evidently had heard the bells, had drawn aside the curtain from an upper window and was looking out."

"I do believe it is one of those poor old men or women," Julia Hunt said, "and that they think it may be us."

"Let us sing the good night song," suggested Mr. Hunt, as he drove up close to the fence, and told us to raise our voices as loudly as we could and yet keep in tune. Then we sang:

"Good-night, good-night, good-night,
To one and all, good-night.
God guard thy rest and sleep,
He tender watch will keep;
Good-night, good-night, good-night,
To one and all, good-night."

"Then we drove on. Mrs. Hunt told us afterward that several of the old people were awake and heard our song. When she bade Angie good-night she threw both arms around the girl, drew her close to her and, laying her cheek against Angie's forehead, said:

"Angie Ward, you have taught some older people a lesson to-day, and I wish I had a third daughter just like you."

"I think Angie had taught a lesson, too; for very frequently after that on warm, pleasant Sundays, Mr. Hunt or Mr. Howes would drive out to the poor-house and bring in to church all the old men and women who could come; or Mr. Jack Hunt would drive them in. And if any of them were sick, some one's mother was almost sure to know it, and would take out nice little delicacies and show a real interest in them. Our club went out several times also, and the old people were always so glad to see us."

"But that isn't all. Angie found out in some way that first afternoon that one of the grandmas—we called them that after a little, it pleased them so much—had the rheumatism in her shoulder very badly, and that her back almost always felt cold. We talked it over, and learned that nearly all old ladies liked nice warm little shoulder-shawls; so we boys earned money in different ways, those of us whose parents couldn't afford to give them a regular allowance—I shoveled snow paths for one thing—and Mr. Hunt, who owned a large store, let us have pretty colored yarns real cheap, and the girls knit or crocheted warm shawls for every one of the poor-house grandmas. They were finished in time for Christmas, so even the poor-house had Christmas that year; every one there was remembered, for the mothers of our club gave the feeble old men warm flannels."

It seems to me that in this instance a very goodly oak grew from the tiny acorn of a happy thought that Angie really didn't know whether or not to drop in the soil, and perhaps she never would have done so if Dick had not urged it a little.

When the clubs are organized and in working order, I shall hope to receive accounts of many of the good times and novel entertainments they have, the best of which will be published for all the club members to enjoy. Address all communications to

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB,

COLLIER'S WEEKLY,

521-549 West 13th Street, New York City.

Two letters have been received in time for publication this week. The promptness of these young organizers merits commendation.

FIRST LETTER RECEIVED, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

"New York, Nov. 1, 1895.

"TO THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB, 'COLLIER'S WEEKLY':
"It was at 12 M. on October 31 when my elder brother, who has been reading the ONCE A WEEK since I can remember, received your paper, and showed me the article headed 'The Happy Thought Club.' I immediately became excited and hurried from my dinner, which I was then eating, over to my friends' houses and explained to them the idea suggested in your paper. It was received everywhere favorably, and arrangements were made to meet at my home in the afternoon at 4 P.M. Five of my friends came, and myself (which made six). All entered my mamma's parlor (for which I received permission), and after hard work and thanks to your description of opening a meeting, we succeeded in electing a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary and a treasurer. Happy Thoughts were suggested to the society by its members, dues were collected, which were six cents, the constitution read and adopted, and finally a motion to adjourn was made, until Sunday at 4 P.M. I now ask in the name of my society, which we hope to be a permanent one, for our charter number and for further signs. I am pleased to say that already we have six cents in our treasury. Here are the officers we elected: Master Benjamin Indorsky, president; Isadore Lipcity, first vice-president; Louis Klein, second vice-president; Moses Klein, secretary; Samuel Brody, treasurer; Alexander Brody, sergeant-at-arms. I hope to be one of the fortunate prize-winners, and remain
"Your everlasting reader,
"BENJAMIN INDORSKY,
"175 E. Broadway.

"P.S.—All give three cheers and a hurrah to the success of the Happy Thought Club."

SECOND LETTER RECEIVED, NOVEMBER 4, 1895.

"Altoona, Pa., Nov. 3, 1895.

"DEAR SIR—I received the paper yesterday, and I now have a club of thirteen members. C. Griffith, president; M. Clyde, first vice-president; F. Ebricht, second vice-president; G. Gare, secretary; H. Willis, assistant secretary; J. Willis, treasurer, and F. Gilbert, assistant treasurer. My committee I have also.
"M. CLYDE.

"P.S.—My club was organized November 2 and 3, 1895."

AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS.

AN amusing incident is told by the Providence Journal of an attachment that was once served on the famous Jumbo. The incident happened about nine years ago; the animals of the Barnum & Bailey Circus had been unloaded from the trains and were moving peaceably toward their quarters. They hadn't gone a great distance, however, when Jumbo's back began to itch. The big elephant tried to reach the place with his trunk, but didn't manage to. So he stepped from the line and looked for some suitable place against which to rub his back. There were two objects in sight—a big flagstaff and Paddy Burns's shanty, which stood in the rear of the Three Ones' fire station. Jumbo picked out the shanty, and by the time he had relieved his feelings things inside were upside down, and the building had nearly been removed from its foundations and shoved into the water.

Paddy Burns looked for a lawyer, and found the late Ambrose E. West. The attorney issued a writ and gave it to a deputy sheriff, with instructions to attach Jumbo. The officer presented the paper to the treasurer of the circus and then took up a position near the elephant, but out of the reach of the swing of his trunk. The bill for damages was promptly settled, but the officer said afterward that if the animal had decided to walk away he hadn't any idea how he could have proceeded to enforce the law by compelling him to remain.

You may find two witty men, ten clever men, and twenty foolish men, before you will find one prudent man.

A STRAIGHT LINE.

A Quick Line.

A Through Line.

A Popular Line.

To all points in New York State.

The Modern West Shore Railroad.

Elegant Sleeping Cars.

Five Fast Trains to the West.

Have you ever ridden on the National Express—the new limited train to Buffalo? It leaves New York at 7:30 P.M., and arrives there early next morning.



FOND PARENT—"That child is full of music."
SARCASTIC VISITOR—"Yes. What a pity it's allowed to escape."

FIBRE CHAMOIS

REDFERN,
LADIES' TAILOR AND HAT
MAKER.
210 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

*American Fibre Chamois Co.,
Times Building, N.Y.*

GENTLEMEN—We enclose a letter received a few days ago, from Miss Lillian Russell, which we think may be of service to you.

Yours truly,
(SIGNED) REDFERN

What LILLIAN RUSSELL Thinks of Fibre Chamois.

118 WEST 77th St.,
NEW YORK, August 14, 1895.

Messrs. Redfern,
210 Fifth Avenue.

GENTLEMEN—Kindly make up for me the gown I selected yesterday, using as you suggested the Fibre Chamois in the waist for warmth, and in the skirt and sleeves to give them that very stylish and bouffant effect. I find that the moreen petticoat does not give half the style that the genuine Fibre Chamois does. So naturally use nothing but the genuine goods. The imitation of this particular article I have found to be worse than useless.

Truly yours,
(SIGNED) LILLIAN RUSSELL.

SIX CENTS sent to CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minnesota, will bring you a beautiful book telling you of an ascent to the summit of this peak.

IN GOING TO CALIFORNIA this Winter buy your ticket so that you return via the SHASTA-NORTHERN PACIFIC route. Then you can see this Grand Peak and Yellowstone Park.

Our CALIFORNIA route is a marvel of comfort in Winter and Summer both.

Trans-Pacific steamers to Hong Kong and Yokohama from Tacoma.

PACIFIC

NORTHERN

It's on our Line.

Mt. Rainier on Puget Sound, nearly three miles high.



CORPUS LEAN

Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars containing testimonials. L. E. Marsh Co., 2815 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Simply stopping the fat producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.



Pears'

What is the use of being clean?

They who practice it know.

Pears' soap is a reason for being clean, as well as the means.

RIDING ANY BICYCLE IS EXERCISE.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY
MFG. CO.
CHICAGO
BOSTON
WASHINGTON
NEW YORK
BROOKLYN
DETROIT
COVENTRY
ENGLAND

RIDING RAMBLER BICYCLES IS SAFE & LUXURIOUS EXERCISE.

To Opponents OF The Single-Tax

You judge of our reform without complete understanding of our principle or our position. There is only one national exponent of the single tax, and that is

The Single-Tax Courier,

W. E. BROKAW, Editor.

Price \$1 a Year.

Subscribe For It,
Read It, Then
Criticise Us!

SHERIDAN WEBSTER, Manager.
810 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE WATCH

To introduce our new imported stone, the only stone that imitates a real diamond (others imitate glass), the stone that puzzles custom house officials and experts. We will send with your first order for ring this 1 1/2 in. rolled gold set with a diamond, and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you how to work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.

NATIONAL JOBBING CO.,
89 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

\$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you how to work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 57, DETROIT, MICH.

VILLA MARIA ACADEMY,

139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue,
NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

THE LADY SUPERIOR.

References required.

\$5.00 IN GOLD.

Presented to any person sending Five Subscriptions to

THE TAMMANY TIMES

The GREAT DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY of New York.

Containing timely, interesting matter relative to subjects
POLITICAL, SOCIAL and HUMOROUS.

Subscription, postpaid, \$4.00 a year.

SEND 25c. For sample copy and beautiful souvenir book with photo-engravings and signatures of prominent Democratic statesmen, or history of Tammany Hall.

TAMMANY TIMES CO.,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Box of 50 Cigars AND AN 18K GOLD FINISHED Watch, Charm and Chain.

Cut this advertisement out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send to you by express for examination this genuine 18k gold plated watch (equal in appearance to solid gold) and a box of 50 of our very best cigars. You examine them at the express office and if satisfactory pay the agent \$2.50 and they are yours. This is a special offer to introduce our cigars, and only one watch and one box of cigars will be sent to each person ordering at this price. The watch is a beauty and would cost you in a retail store twice as much as we offer the cigars and watch together for. Mention in your letter whether you want gold or ladies' else watch and write to-day as this will not answer again. Address

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

CUT THIS OUT. YOUR NAME NICELY PRINTED on 50 CARDS as in MOTTOS and LOVE VERSES, also our large and pleasing Collection of LATEST SONNETS & MARSHES in 14 Chapters, 1000, 9 Pleas of Handsome Women, How to write Love Letters reading two ways, Sure Cure for Backache, Lover's Telegraph, Flirtation Stanzas, etc., also a 16 page STORY PAPER and this LAMELY RING all for 10 cents & 2 cents postage.

JEWEL CARD CO., CLINTONVILLE, CONN.

Black Calla or Solomon's Lily

A native of the Holy Land, with flowers often measuring 1 foot in length. The color, rich velvety purplish black. Each 30c. If this paper is mentioned, we send a copy FREE of our new Book on "Winter Flowers."

Vaughan's Seed Store
New York: 38 Barclay St.
Chicago: 84, 86 Randolph St.

Highest Award WORLD'S FAIR. SKATES

CATALOGUE FREE.

BARNEY & BERRY, Springfield, Mass.

WOULD YOU Like a permanent position and \$150 monthly? Write us at once. We will send you full particulars FREE, or a valuable sample of our goods in Sterling Silver upon receipt of Five Two cent stamps for postage, etc. Address Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.

ROMEIKE'S Press Clipping Bureau, 139 5th Ave., New York, sends you everything about yourself from all News, papers and Periodicals.

HOMESTUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc. thoroughly taught by Mail at student's home. Low rates; perfect satisfaction. Cat. free. Trial lesson free. BRYANT & STRATTON, 46 College Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.